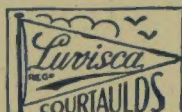


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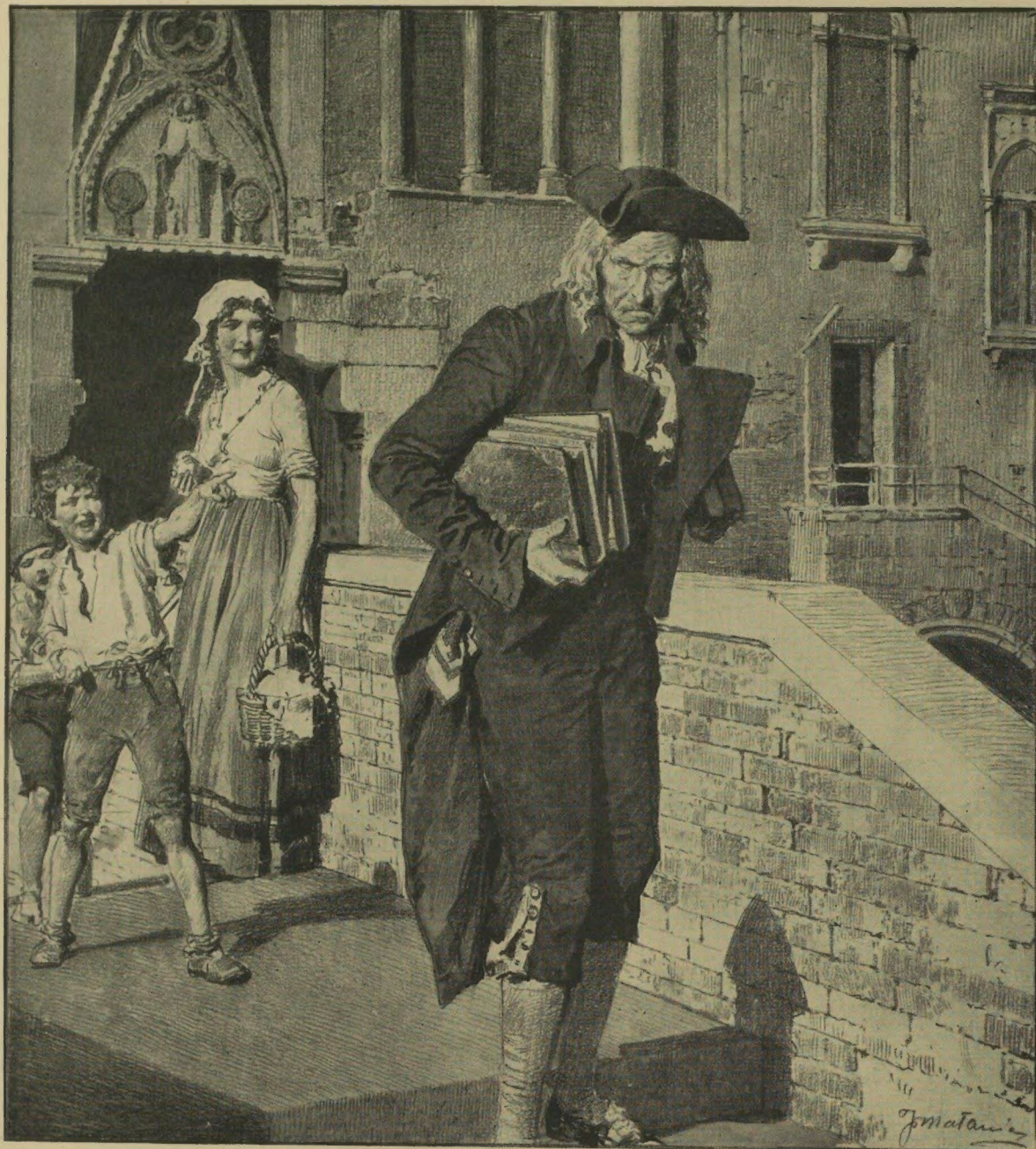
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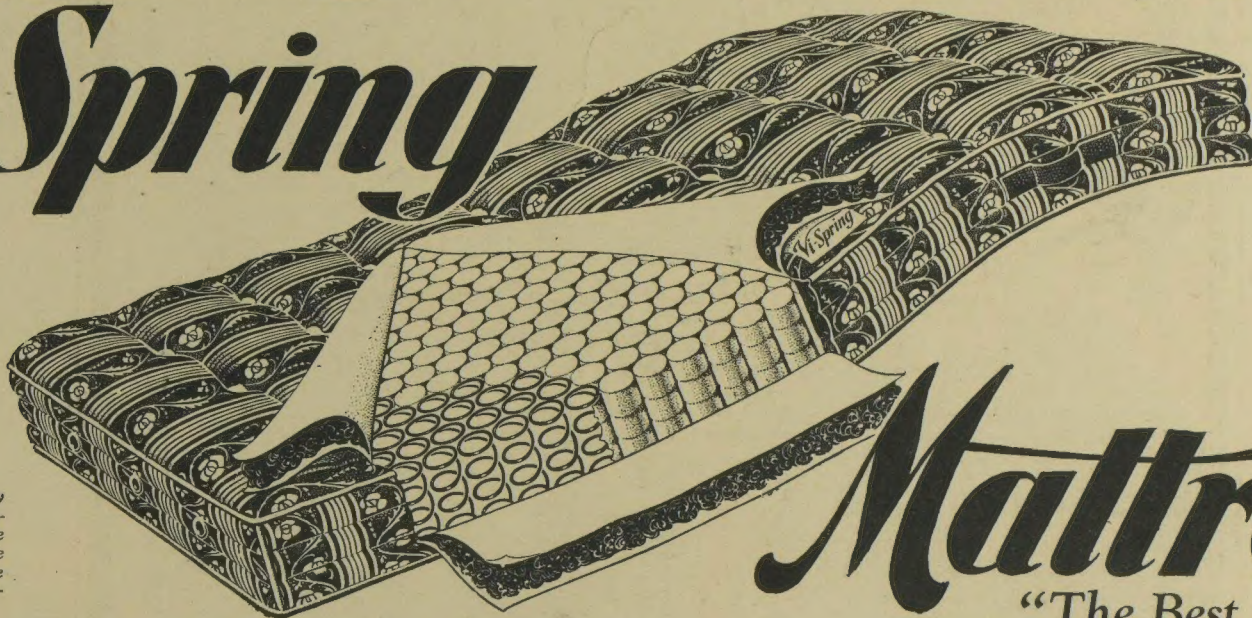
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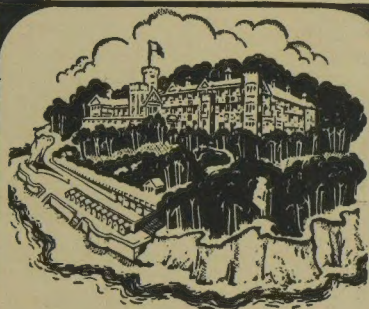


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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1931.



**THE OKAPI—RAREST OF WILD GAME—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS NATURAL HAUNTS:
AN EXCLUSIVE PICTURE FROM THE FORESTS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO.**

"The Illustrated London News" can claim to have played a pioneer part in introducing the okapi to the world through the medium of illustration. The first photograph ever published of this rarest among wild game—a picture made from dead specimens brought home by Major Powell-Cotton and Lieut. Boyd Alexander and set up by Mr. Rowland Ward—appeared in our issue of August 3, 1907. In that of September 7 in the same year, we gave the first photograph ever taken of a living okapi, together with an article on the subject by the late Sir Ray Lankester. Now we are able to supplement and round-off this interesting record with the first photographs ever taken of an okapi in its natural haunts, given above and on the two next pages. They are appearing exclusively in "The

Illustrated London News." The very fact that such photographs have never before been obtained indicates the extraordinary difficulty of the feat. How difficult, and indeed dangerous, it was, owing to the nature of the animal's habitat in the dense forests of the Congo, will be appreciated from the article on the following page, where the photographer himself, Mr. C. P. Bezuidenhout, describes his own remarkable adventure. He was disguised in the skin of a forest hog. The okapi shown here is a female. "When it walked behind a fallen tree," he writes, "I saw my chance and took it. Getting up behind the log I rested the camera on it and took photographs at three or four yards, with the animal's body completely exposed above the undergrowth."

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE OKAPI "SNAPSHOTTED" AT HOME BY A PHOTOGRAPHER IN A HOG'S SKIN.

SECURING THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS UNIQUE ANIMAL EVER TAKEN IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT.

By CORNELIUS P. BEZUIDENHOUT. (See Illustrations on the front page and opposite.)

THE Ituri Forest of the Belgian Congo, where these photographs were taken, is the largest and tallest of the Equatorial forests of Africa. Extending, like a dark sea of trees closely massed, for 500 miles across the Eastern Congo, its green depths, seldom trodden by white men and only scantily inhabited by wandering tribes of pygmy hunters, shelter some of the rarest and least-known of animals. The vegetation consists, firstly, of the dense undergrowth of large-leaved plants and young saplings, five to fifteen feet in average height; then of the middle growth of straight-trunked trees reaching up to the medium heights of fifty to a hundred feet; while lastly, dominating all else, the forest giants, whose buttressed bases are so typical of the tropical forests spread their leafy tops 150 to 250 feet above the forest floor, providing a continuous canopy of foliage which most effectively filters the heat and light of the vertical sunshine outside. This virgin forest, with its tall and massive columns of tree-trunks straight and clean as stone pillars, its dim light filtering through the far-away tree-tops as through stained-glass windows, impresses me so much with its cathedral-like solemnity and stillness that it seems natural to speak, if one must break the silence, in nothing above a whisper.

To a man on the ground visibility at eye-level is rarely more than fifteen or twenty yards and is frequently less than five. So effective is the large-leaved undergrowth in providing concealment for terrestrial animals that they are seldom seen. Although the tracks of elephant, buffalo, forest hog, duikers, and smaller game thread the forest in all directions, few white men have succeeded in their hunting there, let alone that more difficult form of hunting with a camera. After months spent in the oppressive stillness and sunlessness of the forest, where never a breath of air stirs the leaves near the ground, to emerge into the open again gives the white man a feeling of strangeness and freedom like that experienced by a prisoner leaving a dark cell for the sunlight.

Found nowhere else in the world, the okapi was first made known to science about 1901, when Sir Harry Johnston sent home a piece of the striped skin of the hindquarters obtained from natives on the eastern edge of the forest. From the evidence of this piece of skin, the animal was at first thought to be a new species of zebra, and it was not until skull and skeleton were later obtained that it was found to be a new animal closely related to the giraffe, but smaller, with a neck of normal length, and of striking coloration. Of a general rich reddish-purple in body colour, with the legs and thighs broadly marked with white stripes, and with sleek satiny skin, the okapi is well fitted for an existence in the dark shades, broken only by patchy bars of weak sunlight, of the Ituri Forest. Wandering alone along the maze-like game trails, browsing on the tender leaves, it relies on its great ears and its keen sense of smell, as well as its speed, when disturbed, to protect itself from the little pygmy hunters, who, spear

and bow in hand, creep silently on its trail. What little is known of the habits, and the specimens that have been obtained for museums, have mostly been provided by these Wambutes, who, for a consideration of salt or spears, will guide the white man on its trail. My own impression of the okapi at close quarters is such that I might compare it with a finely-bred race-horse. Its sleek, shiny coat, large eyes, finely-shaped ears and graceful movements combine to make it as beautiful an animal as I have ever seen.

I had been working for several weeks in the forest without result when I came upon fresh pygmy trails, and, following up, got in touch with a tribe and made friends with them. Distrustful at first, they eventually offered me some of the delicious wild honey on which

Next morning I followed my spoor back to camp and sent the pygmies out to gather certain leaves which, when crushed and rubbed on to the body, destroy the scent. Using these and the skin, I again set out on the spoor and this time met with better success: in fact, I had a rather surprising and alarming experience. While trying to get a clear view at six yards or so, the okapi, which looks so gentle and harmless, suddenly turned round and let fly with his hoofs at me, just like a horse or mule. A convenient tree gave me shelter, and at my movement the animal went off. I was so surprised at what had happened that I returned to camp disheartened, and began to give up hopes of getting satisfactory pictures. Stalking okapi, of necessity without arms, was none too pleasant a job. What with the chance of being

kicked by one, the ever-present risk of coming unexpectedly upon bad-tempered elephant or buffalo, or treading on a puff-adder, and the difficulty of making sure of reaching camp again at night, I began to think the sunless Ituri was getting on my nerves.

I was actually trekking out of the forest when we came upon a clean little river with plenty of fresh okapi spoor round about. It looked an attractive spot, and, as the river would help me to keep my bearings, I decided to stop and try again, and it was here that success eventually came. Before that, however, another unpleasant incident occurred, when I walked unexpectedly upon an elephant and had to slip out of sight like greased lightning, leaving the pig's skin behind. From safe shelter behind a big tree, I watched the elephant put his tusks through the skin

and trample on it. My feelings can be imagined, but afterwards on the way to camp when my pygmies recalled the scene they treated it as a colossal joke, and I had to laugh with them, rather than let them see I had had the "wind up."

A short time later my best chance came. After following an okapi spoor with the pygmies, we drew near. I followed the usual procedure of taking the skin—now rather the worse for wear—and the camera, and crept up with the greatest caution, still feeling a bit uncertain as to my reception. This, however, was a female of a calm temperament, and gave no trouble. When it walked behind a fallen tree I saw my chance and took it. Getting up behind the log I rested the camera on it and took photographs at three or four yards, with the animal's body completely exposed above the undergrowth. At the click it looked round, but was not very much disturbed, and, before it walked off I obtained what I had been after for so long. I was so elated that I climbed upon the log and called up my Wambutes, and as we returned to camp I felt a thrill of excitement such as I had never known before in a lifetime of hunting, and, on seeing the developed negatives, I was more than satisfied with the results, taking into consideration the difficulties of forest photography and the weeks and weeks of hard work it had cost. At any rate, I had succeeded where others had failed.



THE SHYEST OF WILD GAME CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE DEPTHS OF ITS FOREST HOME: A FEMALE OKAPI, "OF CALM TEMPERAMENT," UNDISTURBED BY THE PRESENCE OF A PHOTOGRAPHER (DISGUISED AS A FOREST HOG) A FEW YARDS AWAY.

Exclusive Photograph. World Copyright Strictly Reserved by "The Illustrated London News."

they largely exist, and this showed they recognised me as a friend. In return, I shot them two buffalo, and then began to make arrangements for their help in finding okapi. During the ensuing week, we got up to okapi several times, but I was not successful with the camera, disguised though I was in leaves.

The animals were too sharp and must have smelt me. Then I shot a forest hog, dressed the skin, and next day walked out of the camp with two pygmies carrying the skin and camera, determined to do my best to finish the job quickly. After following fresh spoor until noon we drew near the beast. Leaving the pygmies behind, I took the skin and camera and crept silently nearer until I thought it advisable to conceal myself with the skin. At last I came up. The okapi stood still, looking in my direction. I grunted like a pig to muffle any noises I might make and crept past in the undergrowth to get into position; the beast was still suspicious, and, although I exposed my films, they were not taken at as short a range as I wanted, as the okapi kept withdrawing when I tried to close in.

In the excitement of creeping up, concentrating on the avoidance of sticks and leaves, I lost my bearings, found it was too late to return to camp, and spent the night where I was, wondering why I could not get nearer. I came to the conclusion that the human smell was not disguised by that of the pig!

AN OKAPI PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE WILD.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. BEZUIDENHOUT; WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE AND ILLUSTRATION ON FRONT PAGE.)



THE OKAPI IN ITS HABIT AS IT LIVES: ONE OF MR. C. P. BEZUIDENHOUT'S WONDERFUL PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS MOST RARE AND ELUSIVE ANIMAL IN ITS NATURAL HAUNTS—A CONTEMPLATIVE FEMALE AMID THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH OF A CONGO FOREST; SHOWING THE STRIPES ON THE HINDQUARTERS WHICH AT FIRST SUGGESTED A NEW SPECIES OF ZEBRA, WHEN THE OKAPI'S EXISTENCE WAS KNOWN ONLY FROM A PIECE OF HIDE.



A FULL-GROWN OKAPI IN CAPTIVITY: "IT RELIES ON ITS GREAT EARS AND ITS KEEN SENSE OF SMELL, AS WELL AS ITS SPEED, TO PROTECT ITSELF."

IN his article opposite, Mr. C. P. Bezuidenhout describes his adventures in obtaining the first photographs ever taken of an okapi in its native wild, including the one at the top of this page. It is interesting to compare them with the smaller ones given below, showing captive specimens. The first attempt to keep a living okapi in captivity in Europe was made in 1919, when one was brought from the Belgian Congo and placed in the "Zoo" at Antwerp, but it survived only for about two months. Ten years later a second attempt was made, with the help of Brother Joseph, of the Catholic Mission at Buta, in the Belgian Congo. A young okapi, between two and three years old, was presented to the Queen of the Belgians during her visit to Buta in 1928, and was taken to Europe by its former master. Photographs of this animal, taken after its arrival, appeared in our issue of March 2, 1929. Another baby okapi is shown in our right-hand lower illustration, a photograph taken at Buta this year, when the Mission was visited by the Earl of Athlone, ex-Governor-General of South Africa, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and their daughter, Lady May Cambridge.



A BABY OKAPI IN CAPTIVITY: A YOUNG SPECIMEN MAKING FRIENDS WITH LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE, AT THE BUTA MISSION, BELGIAN CONGO.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Sun has made a fitful and what may fairly be called a meteoric appearance in my garden this afternoon. And since, by a curious coincidence, this portent has occurred at a time not very distant from Midsummer Day (which, as you truly remark, is the Feast of St. John the Baptist and the date of the Battle of Bannockburn), the symbolical character of the sun flamed all the more mysteriously in the imagination. This luminary, which has been seldom observed of late in our country, can nevertheless be to a large extent calculated by astronomers, touching its actual though invisible relations to the earth. It would be an exaggeration to say that the sun visits England in the manner of a rare and very remote comet. It occurs in our literature; some say more often in our literature than our life, and I have even read a literary theory, according to which The Merry Month of May was a purely classical convention, taken wholesale by the English poets from the Provençal poets. So that Chaucer and Dunbar, huddled up in mackintoshes and cowering over stoves, wrote the praises of spring and summer with freezing fingers, and made purely ritual salutations to invisible flowers and impassable fields. I do not believe in this bitter interpretation, but then, I happen to be one of the few and rather unpopular persons who like the cool and troubled temper of the English climate. It was said that Germany wanted a place in the sun; I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself that England succeeded in finding a place in the shade. Not many people in England have agreed with me, this summer; though it is possible that I might find a few sympathisers in America, where there is a heat-wave. I remember once there was a heat-wave in England, and I found myself walking about on the Sussex Downs under that tropical oppression. And I remember that the rather hackneyed quotation from Browning came back to me; and I said with a groan: "Oh to be in April, now that England's here."

Anyhow, the sun has been made a symbol of all sorts of things, good, bad, and indifferent; and it would be easy to fill a page with all the significant parts it has played in human history; of what it meant to the Heretic Pharaoh and what to the Parsees; of why the rays of its rising are displayed on the blazon of Japan; of how it has been arrested by Joshua, worshipped by Julian, theorised about by Copernicus, quarrelled about by Galileo, pointed at by Napoleon, put in its proper place by Newton, and seriously disturbed and doubted about by Einstein—all this would give fascinating opportunity for that habit of wandering from the point which is the essence of an essay of this kind. For the moment, however, I prefer to regard the sun merely in the light of a strange star that has startled me by visiting my garden in the middle of summer, and rather to dwell upon the catastrophic and unearthly character of the event than to seek for any strictly scientific or merely rationalistic explanation of it.

One reason for reconciling oneself cheerfully to regarding the sun as a strange star is that it seems likely, in the light of the latest science, that we shall find it illuminating a very strange world. I am a child in these things; and so long as the child is allowed to play in the garden, he does not bother very much about the rules regulating the visits of that shining stranger, who has of late been very much of a stranger. But he does know enough about recent revolutions, in the ideas about space and light and atomic structure, to know that not only the sun, but also the garden, grows more mysterious every day.

We may come to regarding the sun almost as a secret; like the sun that wore the mask of the moon in Mr. Max Beerbohm's fairy-tale; a deceptive luminary; almost, if the contradiction be allowed, a dark luminary; with crooked rays; with invisible violet rays; with smothering resembling black rays, beyond the dreams of the blind. It seems to be anything but the simple golden globe with which the simple Victorian naturalists dealt so easily, when they taught us the use of the globes. Some of the things that are now said about it astonish

book about the Jesuits. It is equally detached about the Jesuits; it is entirely detached from the religion of the Jesuits. The writer is an ordinary modern rationalist; very emphatic upon the need to keep abreast of modern science. He narrates, as any rationalist would, as any reasonable man would, the victory of Galileo and the Copernican astronomy, with its earth going round the sun, over the old Ptolemaic astronomy, with its sun going round the earth. I should, of course, entirely accept that Copernican victory; it never would occur to me to do anything else. But I was considerably startled when Mr. Fülöp-Miller, after stating the ordinary view of the Solar System which everybody accepts, and I have naturally accepted, goes on calmly to write as follows—

It is true that the most recent mathematical and physical theories necessitate a revision of this commonly held opinion, for no longer does the teaching of Ptolemy appear "wholly false," nor that of Copernicus "alone true," as Galileo thought. Rather does it appear that both the systems have fundamentally an equal claim to recognition, and that the superiority of the Copernican system rests solely on the greater simplicity of the astronomical calculations effected with its help. Cardinal Bellarmine had, however, already recognised this when he warned Galileo's pupils to regard the Copernican doctrine only as hypothetical, and not as the sole truth.

In other words, the scientific rationalist, invoking the very latest scientific views, says something that I for one should never have dreamed of saying: that Galileo was as wrong as he was right; or at least that he was no more right than he was wrong, and no more right than his opponents were right. This seems to me a very amazing remark to appear in a book by an ordinary modern sceptic. Anyhow, it is a remark that will not be found in any book by me, or any of those who are regarded as religious reactionaries.

Let nobody go away and say that I have made the remark. Let nobody wail aloud that I say the Solar System is a Solar Myth. I never interfered with the Solar System. I never disorganised the sun and moon; I never in my life gave the planets or the fixed stars the least cause for uneasiness. Copernicus and Newton are good enough for me. I only say the sun must be a very strange star, and most stand in a very strange relation to a very strange planet or satellite, if any sane sceptic can really say that it is just as true that the sun goes round the earth as that the earth goes round the sun. The real truth, which he has in mind, is probably some very subtle mathematical relation, to which both of those contrary images are merely relative. The only effect on me, at the moment, is a merely imaginative, or even a merely artistic effect. It makes the sun much more extraordinary; and it was extraordinary enough before. I have not the faintest intention of meddling with these problems in the higher world of mathematics. I only say that the immediate effect of them on the fancy is almost to bring back the sun into the world of mythology. In that sense, the sun is much more of a Sun Myth; it is at least a Sun Mystery. Phœbus Apollo, worshipped with such superb prayer and sacrifice, is still at least like that other pagan god whom St. Paul saluted as the Unknown God. And because I love everything that adds at least to the wonder of the world, and because I hate familiarity as I hate contempt, I am glad that the strange god in the garden grows stranger every day. For we need mystery to console and encourage us. And, like Voltaire, and other pious and devout characters, I quite agree that we must cultivate the garden.



THE NINETEENTH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": A CHINESE PORCELAIN VASE MADE IN THE REIGN OF THE MANCHU EMPEROR K'ANG HSI (1662-1722).

The Chinese porcelain vase here seen is one of the most conspicuous masterpieces in the great collection bequeathed to the Museum in 1910 by Mr. George Salting. It was made in the reign of the Manchu Emperor K'ang Hsi (1662-1722), under whose patronage the potter's art in China enjoyed a very notable revival. The freely-drawn design of rocks, peonies, and flowering plum-trees is painted in enamel colours applied directly on the biscuit or unglazed surface of the porcelain, and this circumstance, with the restricted range of colours employed and the strong but simple form of the vase, gives an impression of remarkable force and virility. The green colour of the ground is of great beauty and is extremely rare in this class of porcelain; in which pieces with black or yellow grounds, although more usual, enjoy an equal reputation and are as keenly sought after by collectors.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

me very much. For instance, Mr. René Fülöp-Miller, the highly intelligent and impartial historian of the Bolshevik Revolution, has recently written a

A NATIONAL TREASURE: THE TEXEL BATTLE FROM START TO FINISH.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER (1610-1693). BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 52 AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 53.)



FIG. 1. PART OF THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PAINTINGS BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER, DEPICTING THE BATTLE OF THE TEXEL, AUGUST 11, 1673: (FOREGROUND) THE ENGLISH FLEET UNDER PRINCE RUPERT IN "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" (ON RIGHT, FLYING UNION FLAG AT MAIN-MAST); SHOWING ALSO THE "ROYAL PRINCE" (LEFT CENTRE), "ST. MICHAEL" (BEYOND TO RIGHT), AND "ST. ANDREW" (SECOND FROM LEFT); (IN BACKGROUND) THE DUTCH FLEET APPROACHING.

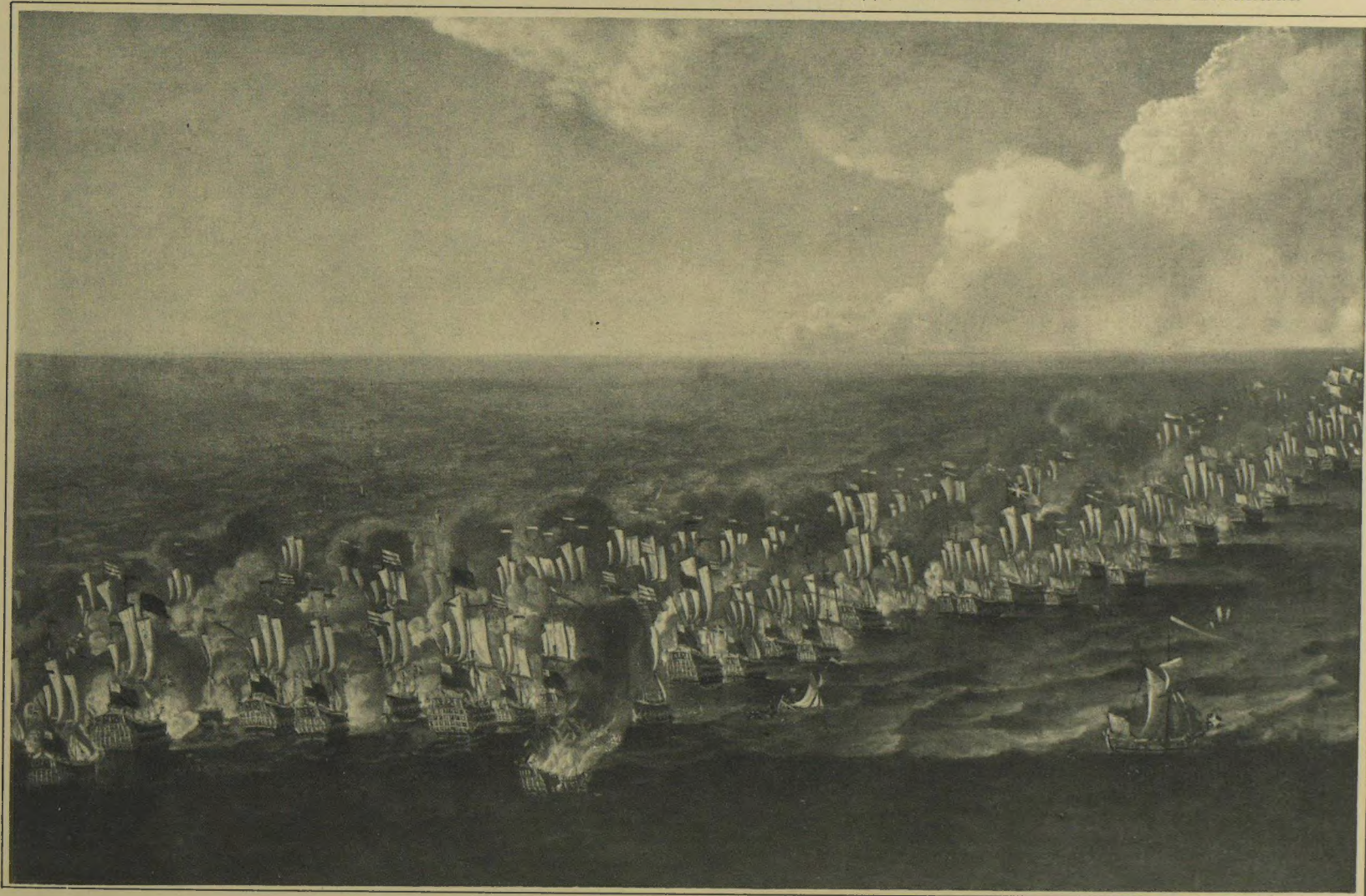


FIG. 2. THE SECOND PHASE OF THE BATTLE OF TEXEL AS DEPICTED BY A CONTEMPORARY "WAR ARTIST," WILLEM VAN DE VELDE: THE ACTION BECOMES GENERAL—"ROYAL PRINCE" (TO LEFT OF FIRE-SHIP) HOTLY ENGAGED BY TROMP; "ST. MICHAEL" (TO RIGHT OF FIRE-SHIP); "ST. ANDREW" (THIRD FROM LEFT); "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" (FLYING UNION FLAG, TOWARDS RIGHT); FRENCH FLEET (EXTREME RIGHT); AND SINKING YACHT "HENRIETTA" (CENTRE FOREGROUND).

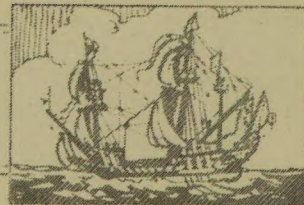
The series of six paintings recently acquired for the National Maritime Museum, and here reproduced (on this and the next two pages), is of extraordinary interest as representing a naval battle depicted in stages, from start to finish, by a contemporary "war artist." Five of the six pictures are by the famous painter whose memorial in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, is inscribed: "Mr. William van de

Velde, senior, late painter of sea-fights to their Majesties King Charles II. and King James II., died in 1693." The Battle of the Texel took place on August 11, 1673, the last battle of the third and final Dutch War. Its successive phases are described (on page 52) by Professor Geoffrey Callender, with specific reference to the part played by the ships named above in our titles to the illustrations.



THE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE COMPLETELY DEPICTED:

A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE: A SERIES OF PAINTINGS BY PIONEER "WAR ARTISTS" OF THE 17TH CENTURY—THE BATTLE OF THE TEXEL FROM START TO FINISH.



By Professor GEOFFREY CALLENDER, M.A., F.S.A. (See Illustrations on pages 51 and 53.)

IN an address at Greenwich recently, Admiral Sir George Hope, Chairman of the Society for Nautical Research, announced the acquisition by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum of a sequence of six pictures illustrating the Battle of the Texel, the last battle of the third and final Dutch War, Aug. 11, 1673. The Dutch in the latter part of this war were on the defensive against an Anglo-French alliance and endeavoured to keep their "fleet in being." They would have continued in harbour, had it not been for the necessity of safeguarding their homeward-bound merchant-fleets. The acute danger threatening a rich convoy from the Indies brought de Ruyter to its rescue, and the Battle of the Texel resulted.

The Allies were under Prince Rupert, who commanded the Red Squadron himself, and had under him Sir John Harman as his second, and Sir John Chicheley as his third in command. His right wing comprised the French fleet under the Comte d'Estrées. His left wing was under Admiral Sir Edward Spragge, who was supported by Sir John Kempthorne, his second, and Lord Ossory (the eldest son of the first Duke of Ormonde) his third in command.

The pictures were painted from sketches made on the scene of the battle and are preserved in their original frames. The first two and the last three were painted by Willem Van de Velde the Elder; and the third, greatly inferior, by Isaac Sailmaker. The original studies for the first two and the last three were reproduced in the 1925 Report of the Scheepvaart Museum, Amsterdam; and if the traditional attribution (which has never been challenged) were deemed inadequate proof of authenticity, the annotated drawings would establish it: for the paintings follow the lines of the drawings with the fidelity of a mirror.

The Battle of the Texel is remembered for the sad lack of co-operation on the part of the Allies. The French, on the right, might only have been present, as our tars suggested, "to see that the English earned their pay." Their part in the contest was negligible. But on the left, Admiral Sir Edward Spragge, in charge of the Blue Squadron, tended to dislocate the line by the vigour of his onslaught almost as dangerously as the French by their apathy. Heaving to, in order the more closely to engage Cornelis Tromp (his opposite number), he lost touch with Prince Rupert in the centre; and, after changing his flag from the *Royal Prince* to a second ship, he was drowned while transferring his flag from this second ship to a third. The rashness of his conduct made the capture of the *Royal Prince* by the Dutch almost a certainty, and the defeat of his friends an issue very difficult to circumvent. The latter calamity was averted in part by the plucky endurance of the rest of the Blue Squadron; in part by the resourcefulness of Prince Rupert; and in part by the return of the French fleet—when all ships but their own were exhausted. The rescue of the *Royal Prince*, very largely through the instrumentality of Lord Ossory, ranks among the finest of such achievements, and gave occasion for the painting of this remarkable series of pictures which commemorate a long-drawn agony with a happy ending.

In the first picture (Fig. 1, page 51), the Dutch under de Ruyter are seen in the background coming down to battle with an easterly wind. Meanwhile, the English complete their turn from the starboard tack to the port. The artist has plotted his picture so that the French, or 'White Squadron,' is practically

omitted. On the right of the English fleet (in foreground) Prince Rupert in the *Sovereign of the Seas* can be distinguished by the Union Flag at the mainmast head. He has just broken at the fore the signal "Engage the enemy!" In the left foreground the Blue Squadron is purposely shown to the best advantage. Sir Edward Spragge in the *Royal Prince* (in the

centre foreground). She was attached to Lord Ossory's division. Sir John Narbrough, Ossory's flag-captain, tells us that the company were safely taken off and transferred to "the Hospital ship."

Six hours have passed when we come to the third picture of the series, by Isaac Sailmaker (Fig. 3). The wind has veered from east to south, swinging the divisions of the fleet round at right angles to their original course, like the slats of a venetian blind when the webbing is pulled. In the foreground the *Royal Prince* (on right of nearest group) is depicted at the moment when her mainmast went by the board dragging the mizzen with it. Tromp in the *Golden Lion* lies alongside, his flagstaff at the main-mast head broken at the foot. In the background on the left of the picture Lord Ossory is shown hotly engaged with Tromp's Rear-Admiral Sweers. Rupert is shown on an almost parallel course further to the right, while the faithless French have faded out of the picture.

In the fourth picture of the series (Fig. 4), the separation of the Blue Squadron from the Red is only too flagrantly apparent. A great sea-gap intervenes. The *Royal Prince*, owing to the loss of main and mizzen, is more difficult to find in this picture than in the foregoing. She is being savagely attacked by Tromp, no longer in the *Golden Lion*, which can be recognised by the broken flagstaff aloft, but in the *Comet Star*—immediately alongside the *Golden Lion*, but on the opposite

tack. Lord Ossory, third from the left in the background, has lost his mizzen topmast and fore topsail. Rupert is to the right, almost on the skyline; and on this side of him lies his Rear-Admiral, Sir John Chicheley.

The fifth picture (Fig. 5, opposite page) shows the battle an hour later. Tromp, in his second ship, the *Comet Star*, has got to the other side of the *Royal Prince*, and is bent on giving her the *coup de grâce*. His earlier ship, the *Golden Lion*, is very near the left edge of the picture; and alongside of him is Sweers, his Rear-Admiral. Above Sweers, as it were, is Lord Ossory in the *St. Michael* bearing down to the rescue of the *Royal Prince*—a well-timed movement which finally compelled Tromp to abandon his hopes of capture. On the right of the picture Prince Rupert is seen coming to relieve his hard-pressed left. De Ruyter makes shift to accompany him; the two being separated, as it were, by a "long sea-lane between." In the very eye of the spectator (i.e., in centre foreground) is Captain Killigrew's ship, the *Bonaventure*, with all her topmasts gone.

The last picture (Fig. 6, opposite) shows the twelfth hour of the struggle and the happy ending of the magnificent story of the defence of the *Royal Prince* (seen third from right in foreground). Under Prince Rupert's direction she is seen

being towed out of action by the *Ruby* and the *Hampshire*. Lord Ossory (left of the two ships in centre) is covering her departure by a fearless attack upon de Ruyter, who has joined in the attempt to compel her surrender. On the left Tromp makes ready to re-form his squadron on that of de Ruyter, who is already aware of the new element in the situation—the return of the French fleet intact. This sequence of six pictures by the Elder Van de Velde is one of the most remarkable acquisitions which have been made recently by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum.



FIG. 3. THE THIRD PICTURE IN THE TEXEL BATTLE SERIES: A PAINTING BY ISAAC SAILMAKER (1633-1721) INTERPOLATED AMONG THE OTHER FIVE PAINTED BY VAN DE VELDE—A PHASE OF THE BATTLE SIX HOURS AFTER THAT SEEN IN FIG. 2, SHOWING THE "ROYAL PRINCE" (RIGHT OF FOUR SHIPS IN LEFT-FOREGROUND) LOSING HER MAINMAST.

very centre of the foreground) has his blue flag at the main; Sir John Kempthorne in the *St. Andrew* (second ship from left) has his blue flag at the fore; and (farther ahead) Lord Ossory in the *St. Michael* (to right of and beyond *Royal Prince*) has his blue flag at the mizzen.

In the second picture (Fig. 2, page 51), the action has become general. The *Royal Prince*, Spragge's



FIG. 4. THE FOURTH PICTURE OF THE TEXEL SERIES: A PAINTING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER, SHOWING THE FLEET DIVIDED—THE BLUE SQUADRON (LEFT), INCLUDING THE "ROYAL PRINCE" ATTACKED BY THE "COMET STAR"; AND THE RED SQUADRON (RIGHT), INCLUDING THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" (FLYING THE UNION FLAG).

Illustrations by Courtesy of the National Maritime Museum.

flag-ship, hotly engaged by Tromp and other Dutchmen, will be found to the left of the burning fire-ship. To the right of it, Lord Ossory is engaged with Admiral de Haen. The *St. Andrew*, flag-ship of Sir John Kempthorne, is the third vessel counting from the left. The Union Flag again proclaims the position of Prince Rupert; between him and Lord Ossory comes the squadron of Sir John Chicheley; and ahead of him the squadron of the gallant Sir John Harman. On the extreme right the presence of the French is indicated. The sinking of the yacht *Henrietta*, the only vessel sunk in the action, is clearly shown (near

THE LAST PHASES OF THE TEXEL BATTLE: SAVING THE "PRINCE."

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER. BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 5. THE FIFTH PICTURE IN THE BATTLE OF TEXEL SERIES: A PHASE OF THE ACTION AN HOUR AFTER THAT ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 4 (OPPOSITE PAGE)—(LEFT) THE "ST. MICHAEL" COMING TO THE RESCUE OF THE "ROYAL PRINCE"; (RIGHT) THE RED SQUADRON, DIVIDED FROM THE DUTCH BY A SEA-LANE, APPROACHING TO RELIEVE THE BLUE SQUADRON; (CENTRE FOREGROUND) THE "BONAVENTURE," WITH TOPMASTS GONE.



FIG. 6. THE SIXTH AND LAST PICTURE OF THE TEXEL SERIES: VAN DE VELDE'S PAINTING OF THE TWELFTH HOUR IN THE BATTLE—THE RESCUED SHIP, "ROYAL PRINCE" (THIRD FROM RIGHT, IN FOREGROUND), WITH MAIN AND MIZZEN MASTS GONE, TOWED AWAY BY FRIGATES, HER DEPARTURE COVERED BY THE "ST. MICHAEL" (LEFT OF THE TWO SHIPS IN CENTRE); (IN THE DISTANCE) THE FRENCH FLEET APPROACHING.

The incident which forms the main subject of No. 5 painting is the extraordinary defence put up by the crew of the disabled "Royal Prince" against the determined attack made by Tromp in the "Comet Star" with the rest of his division. A quotation from the account given by an officer aboard of the "Royal Prince" describes what was one of the finest defences of a disabled ship yet recorded: "(Tromp) weathered us, being about four o'clock, and came within his ship's length of our side, where he found all the guns of our two lower tiers doubly loaded on purpose to give him a welcome. Besides his vice-admiral and several others, he brought up two fire-ships, which attempted to board us: one came on our

weather quarter, where was nothing to fasten, and so she was put off with ease. The others came stem for stem with us, and not above a foot to leeward of the bowsprit she hitched her sheet-hooks in part of our fore-shrouds. But the boatswain, standing on the fore-castle, cut them away, and the shoe of the anchor helped to put her clearly to leeward of us. Thus the two over-grown bavons burnt together for company, leaving Tromp the displeasure and us the satisfaction to see him make bonfires at his own cost." Lord Ossory, in the "St. Michael," is seen bearing down to the rescue of the "Royal Prince," a movement which compelled Tromp to abandon his hopes of capture.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE FIRST LIVING HOATZIN SEEN IN ENGLAND: A WONDERFUL BIRD.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A LIVING hoatzin has just been added to the collections at the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London. This is, indeed, a noteworthy event; for never before has a living specimen of this strange bird been seen in this country, or in



THE CLAWED WINGS OF THE NESTLING HOATZIN, WHICH MORE RESEMBLE THE ANCESTRAL TYPE OF WING FOUND IN ARCHÆOPTERYX (THE OLDEST KNOWN BIRD) THAN ANY OTHER LIVING BIRD'S: A YOUNG BIRD CLIMBING.

In climbing, the young hoatzin uses the claw on its "thumb" as well as that on the "finger-tip"; the long mobile toes affording the final grasp. Hoatzins build their nests over water, and when the nestlings dive in, as they do without hesitation, they use their feet for swimming on the surface. When under water, however, they employ their wings alone, just as do penguins and guillemots

From Beebe's "Tropical Wild Life."

Europe even. Few probably, excepting only the experts among ornithologists, have ever heard of this bird; yet there is no species living which is more profoundly interesting. For years it has been a stumbling block to those who have had to tackle the thorny problems of avian classification. Some have placed it among the game birds, some with the rail tribe; but I have recently ventured to assign it to a place near the touracos and cuckoos.

But these arguments as to its kinship to this or that particular group of birds are based on anatomical characters, derived from the dissecting table. It is not until we turn to the living bird that we find what an extraordinary and singular creature it is. Rather smaller than a small pheasant, it may be said to have its headquarters in British Guiana; and to haunt only the banks of streams and lagoons, living entirely in the trees overhanging the water. It feeds, mainly, it would seem, on the leaves and fruit of an excessively thorny leguminous tree, *Drepanocarpus lunatus*, known commonly as the "Pimpler." The juices of these leaves and seeds, I suspect, are of an astringent nature, for the crop of this bird is of a most extraordinary character; since it is not only very large, but its walls are extremely thick. It has, in fact, assumed the functions of the gizzard, which, I found, on dissecting a specimen many years ago, to be reduced to a mere vestige.

Whatever agency has brought about the enlargement of this crop, the effect has produced a profound change in the skeleton; for its weight, and pressure, when full, has slowly brought about the reduction of the keel of the breast-bone till nothing remains thereof but a small, triangular plate at its extreme hinder end, and this, where it impinges on the skin, is broadened out and covered with a horny plate on which the weight of the body is taken when the bird is at rest, squatting against a bough. Further-

more, this crop has forced up the "merry-thought," so that it now forms a long rod fused with the body of the sternum. This curious change could not have come about but for the fact that these birds, finding always an abundance of food near at hand, had no need to make much use of their wings. As a consequence, there was no check on the gradual reduction of the keel of the breast-bone. To-day the hoatzin retains but the feeblest powers of flight. Herein we have, as the late Dr. Hans Gadow, of Cambridge, pointed out, a striking illustration of the transmission of acquired characters.

Interesting as these facts certainly are, they are completely overshadowed by the sequence of events which follow one another in tracing the early stages in the life-history of this bird. Hatched in a nest formed of a made platform of sticks, placed at anything from four to forty feet high, and always over the water, the youngster is yet of the nidifugous type—that is to say, it is capable of considerable activity from its earliest days. Generally, birds hatched in nests placed far above the ground leave the egg blind, naked, and helpless. They constitute the "nidicolous" type of young.

Although the main facts concerning these early stages have been known for the last forty years, the best account yet given is that of Dr. Beebe, of the New York Zoological Society, in his book on British Guiana. He had the advantage of being enabled to study the birds in their native fastnesses. Whenever they regard their safety in the nest threatened, these youngsters, without hesitation, will dive head-first, into the water below and there swim about till they consider the danger past; when the tree is promptly climbed and they are safely back in the nest. In swimming on the surface, the feet, which are of great size, are used alternately. But in swimming under water the wings alone are used, as with the guillemots, or penguins.

These wings present some very singular peculiarities. In the adult the hand is the shortest segment of the limb. In the nestling it is the

succession, so that progress is exceedingly rapid. But, placed on level ground, it can do no more than slowing and laboriously scramble along.

But this is not all. Some years ago I had the good fortune to be able to study very carefully a series of nestlings, and was thus able to bring to light some extremely interesting facts. As the long, sparse, down gives place to the developing feathers, I found that the quill-feathers made their appearances in a very unusual way. For those along the region of the palm of the hand and those near the wrist-joint grew very rapidly, so that they formed a fan-shaped surface large enough to enable the bird to "plane" down to the water before the outermost quills of the finger had begun to make an appearance. But as soon as this "planing-wing" had become



THE FEEBLE WINGS OF THE ADULT HOATZIN: THE BIRD NOW IN THE LONDON "ZOO"—THE FIRST LIVING HOATZIN TO BE SEEN IN ENGLAND—WITH WINGS RAISED; SHOWING THE SHORT OUTER QUILLS TYPICAL OF BIRDS OF FEEBLE FLIGHT.

Photograph Copyright D. Seth-Smith.

efficient these outer quills started to grow. And then set in a process of absorption whereby the claws disappeared, and the rate of growth of the segments of the wing changed, till the hand, at first the longest, became the shortest of the segments.

The interpretation to be placed on these facts is this. If the wing feathers all started to grow at the same time, they would soon render the wing useless as a climbing organ, while it would be equally useless as a "planing surface." By inhibiting the growth of the outer quills the youngsters were enabled to retain their climbing powers till the outer quills had developed a sufficiently large wing surface to help them to "flutter" up the tree instead of climbing.

This is, indeed, an interesting sequence of events. But it becomes still more so in conjunction with the fact that the wings of nestling game birds and nestling touracos present an exactly similar arrested development of the outer quills of the wing. Young pheasants and partridges are no longer hatched in trees. But they retain this relic of the days when they were. They do not, however, completely reduce the ancestral stage, since the second finger in the game birds bears a claw only during

the embryonic stage of development. By hatching time it has already been absorbed. Finally, the wing of the nestling hoatzin retains more completely than any other living birds the ancestral type of wing found in Archæopteryx, the oldest-known bird. The hoatzin, in short, is a living link with the birds of the Jurassic Age of millions of years ago.



THE HOATZIN IN THE "ZOO": A BIRD CURIOUSLY MODIFIED IN THE KEEL OF ITS BREAST-BONE, AND HAVING A CROP DEVELOPED IN AN EXTRAORDINARY WAY.

Photograph Copyright D. Seth-Smith.

longest. But more than this. Both the thumb and the first finger are armed with a large, sharp claw; while the under surface of each digit bears a small pad-like surface, the better to increase its gripping powers. In climbing the youngster uses, at need, the under-surface of the beak, the claws on the wings, and the great grasping-toes in swift

A LIZARD WITH A "FOLDING-UMBRELLA" COLLAR AS DEFENSIVE WEAPON!



THE FRILLED LIZARD (*CHLAMYDOSAURUS KINGII*), WHICH IS NOW TO BE SEEN IN THE LONDON "ZOO": THE CREATURE AT REST; ITS RIBBED COLLAR FOLDED.



THE FRILL—THE COLLAR WHICH IS RAISED WHEN THE LIZARD IS DEFIANT—FOLDED, CAPE-LIKE, ABOUT THE SHOULDERS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UNDER-SURFACE.



THE LIZARD SEEKING TO FRIGHTEN AN ENEMY—BY BLUFF! THE FRILL ERECTED AND THE YELLOW-LINED MOUTH OPENED IN ANGER.



AT BAY! THE LIZARD WITH FRILL ERECTED AND JAWS APART—THE SAFFRON-YELLOW INTERIOR OF THE MOUTH CONTRASTING WITH THE GREEN AND BROWN COLLAR.



DISGUISED ITS NATURAL INOFFENSIVENESS! THE FRILLED LIZARD MAKING A HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION.

THE "Zoo" in London now boasts three male frilled lizards from Queensland, and it is appropriately pleased, for *Chlamydosaurus kingii* is distinctly rare. It is true that the "Zoo" had a specimen in 1895—the first brought to the Gardens of the Zoological Society—and it has possessed others since, including one that was there in 1910; but it has been able to show one but infrequently. Let us quote the "Britannica": "The Frilled Lizard of Australia is another inhabitant of dry districts and possesses a remarkable erectile collar; this is a fold of skin supported by cartilaginous rods like the ribs of an umbrella, and when not in use is folded, cape-like, about the shoulders; when the lizard is disturbed, it first seeks safety in flight, running swiftly on its hind limbs with the body inclined forwards and the tail raised as a counterpoise; but if unable to escape, it turns at bay and tries to frighten the pursuer by erecting the frill and opening the mouth; the saffron-yellow interior of the mouth contrasting with the green and brown of the frill is impressive, but actually the means of defence lies in the powerful, whip-like tail." To which we may add a note from Lydekker's Natural History: "This extraordinary creature, which attains a length of nearly 32 inches, about 11 of which are taken up by the tail, is at once recognised by the curious frill-like membranous expansion surrounding the throat, and extending upwards to the sides of the nape. . . . It walks with a swinging gait, on its hind legs, after the manner of the extinct iguanodon." Only males exhibit the collar; the females only show a trace of it.—[Photographs by W. S. Pitt.]



IN FULL FURY: A FRILLED LIZARD, UNABLE TO ESCAPE ITS FOE, TURNED AT BAY; WITH ERECTILE COLLAR RAISED MENACINGLY BY MEANS OF ITS CARTILAGINOUS RODS, AND WITH MOUTH OPENED DEFIANTLY—AN ATTITUDE MORE THREATENING THAN DANGEROUS!

LAND SPORT AND WATER SPORT: THE A.A.A. MEETING AND HENLEY.



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: THE FINAL OF THE 100 YARDS—WON BY E. L. PAGE, OF BLACKHEATH (RIGHT).



G. L. RAMPLING (MILOCARIAN A.C.) WINNING THE 440 YARDS IN 48½ SECONDS, TIME ONLY BEATEN ONCE IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.



AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE: T. HAMPSON WINNING THE HALF-MILE IN 1 MIN. 54½ SEC.



AN EVENT WON BY THE HOLDER IN 14½ SECONDS AFTER HE HAD SET UP A NEW ENGLISH NATIVE RECORD IN A HEAT: LORD BURGHLEY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WINNING THE 120 YARDS HURDLES.



THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AT HENLEY: LONDON ROWING CLUB "A" CREW DEFEATING THAMES ROWING CLUB "A" CREW BY A THIRD OF A LENGTH IN 7 MIN. 33 SEC.



HENLEY REGATTA ROYAL AGAIN: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK HANDING HIS PRIZE TO R. PEARCE (LEANDER BOAT CLUB, OF HAMILTON, CANADA), WINNER OF THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.



THE "ROYAL BARGE" OF TO-DAY—PRACTICAL RATHER THAN PICTURESQUE! THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT HENLEY REGATTA, IN THE THAMES CONSERVANCY LAUNCH, "WINDRUSH."

The Amateur Athletic Association's Championships were held on Friday, July 3, and Saturday, July 4. With regard to the 100 Yards final, it should be said that certain members of the crowd did not agree with the official ruling as to the winner, and expressed their grievance for some ten minutes. E. P. Reid (left in photograph) was second; E. Toetti (centre) third. Rampling's performance in the 440 Yards was particularly good, his time being 48.35 seconds, as against the best championship performance of 48½ seconds. His opponents included

Dr. O. Peltzer, of Germany, who was fourth. In the photograph of the 120 Yards Hurdles, Lord Burghley is seen second from the right. D. O. Finlay (R.A.F. and Surrey A.C.), who was second, is third from the right. It should be added that it was in Heat One of this event that Lord Burghley, by finishing in 14.70 seconds, beat his own English native record of 14.45 seconds.—As to Henley Royal Regatta, that was really royal again, in that the Duke and Duchess of York attended it on the Saturday and her Royal Highness presented the prizes.

THE WIMBLEDON WITHOUT A MEN'S SINGLES FINAL: LAST PHASES OF THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.



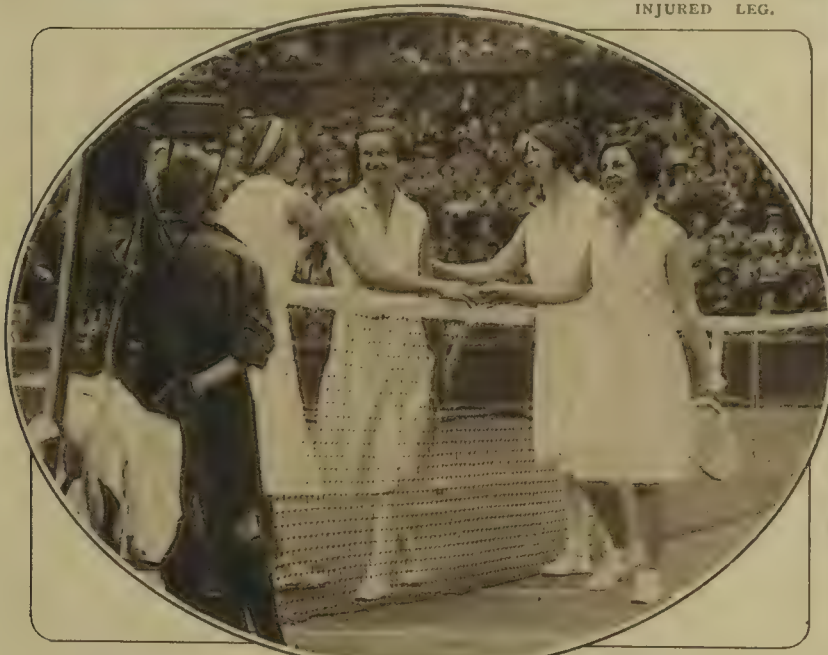
THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND OF THE MEN'S SINGLES: S. B. WOOD (U.S.A.) CLIMBING OVER THE NET TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEFEATED F. J. PERRY.



THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND OF THE MEN'S SINGLES: F. X. SHIELDS (U.S.A.; ON LEFT) WITH J. BOROTRA (FRANCE), WHOM HE DEFEATED, DESPITE AN INJURED LEG.



THE INJURY WHICH CAUSED S. B. WOOD (U.S.A.) TO HAVE A WALK-OVER IN THE MEN'S SINGLES FINAL: F. X. SHIELDS NURSING HIS LEG IN THE SEMI-FINAL.



THE ONLY BRITISH SUCCESS IN THE FINALS: Mlle. METAXA (FRANCE) AND Mlle. J. SIGART (BELGIUM), LOSERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES, CONGRATULATING MRS. D. C. SHEPHERD-BARRON AND MISS P. E. MUDFORD (RT.), THE WINNERS.



THE FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES, WHICH WAS CONTESTED BY TWO GERMAN PLAYERS: FRÄULEIN H. KRAHWINKEL, WHO LOST TO FRÄULEIN C. AUSSEM, PAUSES FOR MUCH-NEEDED REFRESHMENT DURING THE MATCH.



PLAY IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: J. VAN RYN (U.S.A.; ON LEFT) AND G. M. LOTT (U.S.A.), WHO BEAT H. COCHET AND J. BRUGNON (FRANCE) IN THE FINAL ROUND—AMERICA THUS WINNING THREE OF THE FIVE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE MEETING.

THE Lawn-Tennis Championships at Wimbledon concluded on Saturday, July 4. The last day of the event, though, of course, not without considerable interest, lost much from the fact that no Final of the Men's Singles Championship was played, S. B. Wood (U.S.A.) walking over; F. X. Shields (U.S.A.) having scratched. Shields injured a leg while playing Borotra in the semi-finals, though he contrived to beat his opponent—7—5, 3—6, 6—4, 6—4. The American fell while he was making a desperate attempt to get his racquet to a ball Borotra had sent back across the court. In doing so he fell, "and," says the "Times," "it was seen as he tried to get up that he was in pain. He had wrenched his knee in making the sudden turn. There was doubt for some time whether he would be able to continue the game. With the fine sporting instinct which he always shows, Borotra helped Shields over to the side to



THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE RUNNER-UP: FRÄULEIN CILLY AUSSEM (LEFT), AND THE DEFEATED FRÄULEIN KRAHWINKEL.

rest for a moment or two, and did all that was possible to help him, and offered to wait until Shields should feel fit to go on. After some rubbing and movement of his leg, Shields made to start again. The following point went to Borotra, to bring the score to deuce, and once again Borotra offered to delay the restart until Shields was fit and well. Shields insisted on going on." For the rest, our photographs are self-explanatory.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE EARTH SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY H. J. MOSER. (COPYRIGHT.)



"BELOW, THE EARTH SWINGS ABOUT ABSURDLY": AN ARTIST'S RETROSPECT OF EXPERIENCES IN AN AEROPLANE "ROLLING WITH THE ENGINE RUNNING SLOWLY."

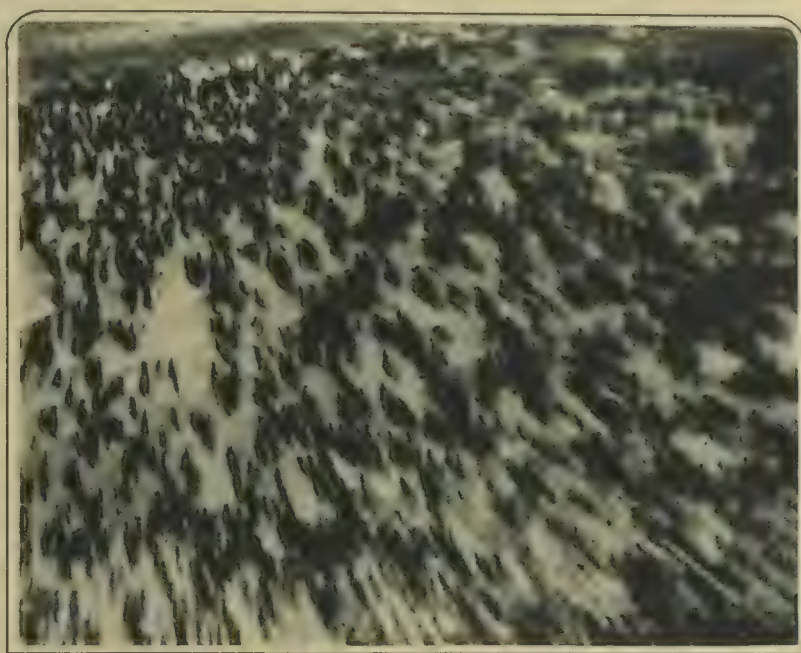
The above drawing forms an interesting parallel to the photographs on the opposite page illustrating similar experiences. Our readers will remember that in our issue of July 4 we gave a number of remarkable impressions, by the same artist, illustrating his first flight in an aeroplane (as a passenger), together with an amusing article describing his sensations while the pilot proceeded to execute a series of "stunts." The example here reproduced belongs to the same series, and its original title may be translated as follows: "Rolling with the engine running slowly—an occurrence which is not pleasant when experienced for the

first time, even for those with the strongest nerves." In the article itself, we may recall, the artist wrote with reference to this particular phase of the flight: "We soar upward in the clear sky. Our programme begins with steep banks. The machine lies on its side and turns in slow rotation, one end of the wing dipped sharply towards the earth. We are 2500 ft. up. We spin downwards, anyhow, in an indescribable whirl. I am almost giddy. Suddenly, an unpleasant sensation in my stomach; the machine has started to ascend; it is again on its side. Everything goes round. Below, the earth swings about absurdly."

PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONS OF THE EARTH SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



"NOW WE ARE OVER THE TOWN, AND THE AEROPLANE GIVES A TWIST": AN EFFECT SUGGESTIVE OF AN EARTHQUAKE.



"THE PILOT STEPPED ON THE LATERAL STEERING-GEAR AND I BECAME RATHER GIDDY": THE RESULTING IMPRESSION OF A CROWD ON THE GROUND.

IT is interesting to compare the remarkable photographs given above, taken from an aeroplane in flight "somewhere" in Germany, with the drawing of a similar subject reproduced on the opposite page. As there noted, the drawing belongs to the same series as those published in our issue of July 4, which illustrated the artist's sensations during his first flight. The illustrations on this page represent very excellently a photographer's ingenious and most successful effort to obtain results of the same kind by the art of the camera. In other words, he has endeavoured to suggest,

[Continued opposite.]



"WITH THE FEELING THAT THE EARTH IS SUDDENLY WHIRLING ROUND AND ROUND, WE PLUNGE INTO THE DEPTHS": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH THAT CONVEYS THE GYRATING EFFECT PRODUCED ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S VISION AS THE AEROPLANE IN WHICH HE WAS SEATED DIVED TOWARDS THE GROUND.

Continued.]

by photographic means, the impressions produced on the mind of a passenger in an aeroplane, as he looks towards the earth during the evolutions of the machine in the air. The results convey an extraordinarily vivid effect of whirling movement. The crowd on the aerodrome, for example, of which, at the start, a clear and steady view was obtained, is presently seen gyrating, as it were, in a mad dance, or drifting like a flock of ghosts. At another moment the buildings of a town appear to be toppling over as though from the force of an earthquake!



"THE START WAS FAULTLESS": A CLEAR AND WELL-DEFINED VIEW OF THE CROWD ON THE AERODROME AS THE AEROPLANE BEGAN TO RISE.



"BUT THAT PHASE DID NOT LAST LONG, AS IT SOON BEGAN TO SPIN": THE CROWD ON THE AERODROME APPEARS TO BE WHIRLING ROUND IN A MAD DANCE.

THE FIRST COMPLETE EXHIBITION OF BYZANTINE ART.

TREASURES OF TWELVE CENTURIES GATHERED IN THE LOUVRE: A GREAT COLLECTION COVERING THE WHOLE BYZANTINE PERIOD, FROM A.D. 330 TO 1453.

By STANLEY CASSON, M.A., Reader in Archaeology at Oxford and formerly Director of the British Academy Excavations at Constantinople. (See Illustrations opposite.)

NO complete exhibition of Byzantine art has ever been held before. The exhibition just about to close in the Pavillon de Marsan, a wing of the Louvre in the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, has made it possible for the first time to examine

Byzantine sculpture has suffered more, perhaps, than any other branch of Byzantine art. The statues and portraits and sacred reliefs that escaped the destructive zeal of Byzantine iconoclasts in the eighth century had yet to pass through the fires of crusading incendiarism, Moslem fanaticism, and four hundred subsequent years of increasing neglect. Yet in this exhibition there is to be seen a fine representative collection of Byzantine work in marble and porphyry. The earliest stages of Byzantine art, when it was beginning to escape from the influence of Hellenistic Greece and develop that peculiar formalism that is its most marked quality, are illustrated by the famous sarcophagus from Psamatia, now at Berlin, which shows Christ and the Apostles. There is a series of portraits of which the full-size figure of Julian the Apostate, and two versions of a portrait of the Emperor Magnentius, are the most interesting. Very striking are two figures of emperors in purple porphyry, simple and direct in conception and masterly in their technical qualities.

The finest of all the sculptures, perhaps, is a remarkable head in limestone found at Palmyra, from a private collection. This head (Fig. 4) a portrait of a young man with formal curly hair, is a masterpiece. Its interest lies in the fact that it illustrates the style and region from which Byzantine sculptors of the fourth century seem to have drawn much of their inspiration. The city of Palmyra, in the very centre of the vast Syrian desert, has long been famous for having a peculiar style of sculpture of its own. Palmyrene sculptors are known to have worked from the first to the middle of the third century A.D., and the influence of their work upon early Byzantine art is clear. This lovely head, both in the archaic formalism of its hair and in the particular shape of the nose and brows, is the closest link yet found between Syrian and Byzantine art. Its earlier date shows from which direction Byzantium was first influenced. It should be compared in detail both with Byzantine heads in ivory of the tenth century and even with Byzantine painting of the fourteenth. The close similarity between the features on this head and on the head of the St. Just (Fig. 10) painted on silk in the fourteenth century, show that, even at the end, the early stylistic influences from Syria had not been forgotten.

In metal-work the exhibition is particularly rich. One of the most interesting examples of silver-work shown is the great silver plate popularly known as "Hannibal's Shield" (Fig. 5). It is one of those problematic pieces which cannot be easily placed. In its centre is a medallion in relief which shows a lion and a palm tree. From this medallion radiate shallow grooves that reach to the circumference. The central medallion suggests strong Sassanian influence, but the whole may be Byzantine provincial work of the sixth century. It was found in 1714 in the Dauphiné and transferred to the Royal Collections. On the back is scratched the name of the Merovingian Agnericus, governor of the Dauphiné in

the seventh century. The full glory of Byzantine silver-work of the tenth or eleventh century is best illustrated by the magnificent plaque in silver-gilt from the Treasure of St. Denis (Fig. 3). On the plaque are shown the Angel at the Tomb and the Holy Women. No finer Byzantine relief in metal exists. The slim figures of the two Marys, and the delicate draperies of the angel at the tomb show how perfect was Byzantine technique in this medium, and how subtle could be the variations on a conventional theme. The figures of the women, with their oval faces and graceful hands, must rank among the masterpieces of Byzantine delineation.

In ivories and steatite reliefs the exhibition is also very rich. Steatite was a material widely used in Byzantine times for very low relief, cut with exquisite precision. Three in particular, all by the same hand, show what perfection was attained by the twelfth century. These three are panels a few inches in height, one of St. Demetrius (Fig. 7), one of St. John Chrysostom (Fig. 6), and one of St. Nicholas. Each figure stands in an arched niche. The stone itself is a pale greenish blue in colour, but was originally completely covered with gold leaf, of which some traces can still be seen. These figures were, perhaps, the poor man's alternative for icons of solid gold or of silver-gilt, but the artists who cut them were the ivory-carvers and not the metal-workers. Comparable in treatment to these steatite reliefs is a superb jewel of lapis lazuli, inlaid with gold and cut on both faces. It is enclosed in a frame of silver-gilt, studded with jewels. On one face is shown the Virgin in the orthodox attitude of prayer (Fig. 2); her halo, the sacred monogram, and the foliage at her side are inlaid in pure gold. On the other face is the figure of Christ (Fig. 1), with similar adornments in gold. This is

[Continued on page 80.]



FIG. 1. "A SUPERB JEWEL" FROM THE TREASURE OF ST. DENIS: A TWELFTH-CENTURY LAPIS LAZULI PLAQUE CARVED IN RELIEF AND INLAID WITH GOLD—ONE SIDE, WITH A FIGURE OF CHRIST. (ABOUT $\frac{2}{3}$ ACTUAL SIZE.)

those aspects of Byzantine art which can only be studied by a process of comparison. The wealth of



FIG. 2. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SAME LAPIS LAZULI PLAQUE AS SHOWN IN FIG. 1: A FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN PRAYING, WITH HALO, MONOGRAM, AND FOLIAGE INLAID IN GOLD. (ABOUT $\frac{2}{3}$ ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 3. "THE FULL GLORY OF BYZANTINE SILVER-WORK OF THE TENTH OR ELEVENTH CENTURY": A MAGNIFICENT SILVER-GILT PLAQUE SHOWING IN RELIEF THE ANGEL AT THE TOMB AND THE HOLY WOMEN—FROM THE TREASURE OF ST. DENIS. (ACTUAL SIZE ABOUT 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ IN. HIGH BY 7 IN. WIDE.)

material collected in the exhibition covers the whole period during which Byzantine artists worked, from the foundation of Constantinople in 330 to its fall in 1453. Historians have explained to us that the extreme rarity of Byzantine works of art is mainly due to the immense destruction and looting that followed the capture of the city of Constantinople in 1204 by the Venetians, and in 1453 after it was taken by the Turks. The outlying provinces of the Byzantine Empire were likewise subjected to a continual process of depredation from 1204 onwards. What survives has survived more by good fortune than for any other reason. Gifts from Byzantine Emperors, treasure looted by Crusaders, and reliquaries or jewels fashioned for alien princes by Byzantine artists, form the bulk of what is left. And in the exhibition at Paris it is mainly objects of this type that are collected.



FIG. 4. PERHAPS THE FINEST SCULPTURE SHOWN IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION, AND THE CLOSEST LINK YET FOUND BETWEEN SYRIAN AND BYZANTINE ART: A WONDERFUL PORTRAIT HEAD OF THE THIRD CENTURY FROM PALMYRA, WHENCE BYZANTINE SCULPTORS OF THE FOURTH CENTURY DREW INSPIRATION. (ACTUAL HEIGHT, 25.5 CM.)—[Photographs by Girardon.]

BYZANTINE MASTERPIECES SHOWN IN PARIS:

AN ART EXTREMELY RARE THROUGH BYGONE VANDALISM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GIRANDON. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 5. THE SO-CALLED "SHIELD OF HANNIBAL": REALLY A SIXTH-CENTURY SILVER PLATE FOUND IN THE DAUPHINÉ (AN ANCIENT PROVINCE OF FRANCE), BY THE SAME ARTIST AS FIG. 7, AND BEARING ON THE BACK THE NAME OF A SEVENTH-CENTURY PROVINCIAL GOVERNOR. (SIZE, ABOUT 2½ FT. DIAMETER.)



FIG. 6. A TWELFTH-CENTURY STEATITE RELIEF OF ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM: ONE OF THREE ALL ORIGINALLY COVERED WITH GOLD LEAF. (HEIGHT, 3½ IN.)



FIG. 7. THE PERFECTION ATTAINED BY TWELFTH-CENTURY BYZANTINE CARVERS: A STEATITE RELIEF OF ST. DEMETRIUS. (HEIGHT, 3½ IN.)



FIG. 8. A TENTH-CENTURY BYZANTINE PENDANT: A BLOODSTONE CAMEO OF THE VIRGIN PRAYING. (NEARLY ACTUAL SIZE.)



FIG. 9. RESEMBLING ANCIENT HITTITE WORK, OF WHICH EXAMPLES STILL STOOD IN EARLY BYZANTINE TIMES: TWO REMARKABLE LION HEADS IN ROCK CRYSTAL, PROBABLY CARVED IN ANATOLIA IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, FOUND AT ALEXANDRIA. (EACH ABOUT 5 IN. HIGH.)



FIG. 10. THE SURVIVAL OF EARLY SYRIAN INFLUENCE: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BYZANTINE PAINTING ON SILK, FROM TRIESTE CATHEDRAL, REPRESENTING ST. JUST, WITH FEATURES LIKE THOSE OF THE THIRD-CENTURY HEAD FROM PALMYRA SHOWN IN FIG. 4 OPPOSITE. (HEIGHT OF SILK, 118 CM.; WIDTH, 38 CM.)

The great Exhibition of Byzantine Art in Paris, in which the wonderful examples illustrated above were included, is described by Mr. Stanley Casson in his article on the opposite page, and our photographs are numbered to correspond with his references to the objects they represent. As he points out, no such complete collection of Byzantine work has ever before been brought together, and those who were fortunate enough to visit the Louvre, where the Exhibition has been held (and is now about to close), have had an unrivalled opportunity to study the subject in a comprehensive view. The abundant material collected, and thus made available for comparison, covered the whole period of twelve centuries during which Byzantine artists were at work, from the foundation of Constantinople (previously known as Byzantium) by Constantine the Great, in 330 A.D., to its capture by the Turks in 1453. Both on that occasion and some 250 years

before, when it fell to the Venetians, the city was subjected to pillage and destruction. Earlier still, its treasures of sacred art had suffered from the Iconoclasts of the eighth century. Those that escaped their destructive zeal, Mr. Casson recalls, "had yet to pass through the fires of Crusading incendiarism, Moslem fanaticism, and 400 subsequent years of increasing neglect." The result of all this vandalism was to make Byzantine works of art extremely rare. The examples illustrated here have been chosen from among the most important of those exhibited in Paris.

"HEADING STRAIGHT FOR DISASTER."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"NAVAL OPERATIONS; VOLUME FIVE: 1917 TO THE ARMISTICE": By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.*

(PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS.)

TO the layman, the most interesting feature of "Naval Operations, Volume Five: 1917 to the Armistice," is Sir Henry Newbolt's account of the German submarine campaign and the steps by which the menace was finally removed. "The onset of the German submarine offensive," he says, "advanced to its furthest point in April 1917, and continued to cause us serious loss until October, in which month it may be said to have reached the period of slack water; in the following March the replacement of shipping began to exceed the losses, and the danger was visibly past."

The obvious solution to the problem was some kind of convoy system; but the objections to that system were almost as numerous and weighty as its advantages; indeed, the technical advisers consulted by Admiral Jellicoe considered them to be more numerous and more weighty. "A convoy system was only practical and possible if sufficient escorts could be found for the groups of merchant ships which would be passing daily through the danger zone when such a system was instituted. Could those escorts be collected from the destroyer forces in Home waters?"

Admiral Jellicoe did not believe they could. A force of destroyers might be collected large enough to escort "incoming ships on one—possibly upon two—of the North Atlantic routes. But if this were done, then every available destroyer would be absorbed in the duty; and the defence of ships on the remaining routes and of all outgoing ships, would be left entirely to the drifters, trawlers, and auxiliaries of the local patrols. Would losses be appreciably reduced by protecting one section of trade at the expense of another? In Admiral Jellicoe's opinion they would not; it would be useless, even dangerous, to introduce a convoy system until it could be made more comprehensive."

There were other difficulties. State control of shipping on such a tremendous scale could not be accomplished in a moment: "a measure . . . so embracing and so rigid could not be instituted by a mere decision in high places." Again, the system would involve grave delays "and loss of carrying power, in that vessels would complete fewer round voyages in the year." The points at which the escorts assembled and dispersed would need "heavy concentrations of patrol craft" to defend them; and "it could not be doubted that the enemy would open an intensive mining campaign against what might be called the strategic points of a convoy system."

Last, and most serious of all, there was the attitude of America to be considered. America had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, but she was still neutral; on Feb. 3, the President announced that he hoped she would remain so. According to the "law of nations" it was permissible to collect a convoy in a neutral port; but was it certain that America would allow her harbours to be used for such a purpose, having regard to the fact that it would "probably attract foreign combatants to their national waters?"

On Feb. 1, at the Emperor's command, the German Government launched its unrestricted U-boat campaign. Its effect was immediate; during the first week, our shipping losses increased alarmingly. On the 13th Sir Maurice Hankey submitted a Memorandum to a conference composed of Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson, Admiral Jellicoe, and Admiral Duff. He enumerated the objections to the existing

system for the protection of mercantile traffic. This he held to be completely inadequate. The enemy "attacks in most cases without having to fight at all. The only protection that the merchant vessel has is the gun (if she is so fortunate as to have one), her speed, and evasion by steering a zigzag course." If the convoy system were adopted, on the other hand, "the enemy can never know the day nor the hour when the convoy will come, nor the route which it will take. The most dangerous passages can be passed at night. Routes can be selected as far as possible in water so deep that submarine mines cannot be laid. The convoy can be preceded by minesweepers or by vessels fitted with paravañes. The most valuable ships can be placed in the safest part of the convoy. Neutrals, and other unarmed vessels, can be placed under the protection of armed vessels. The enemy submarines, instead of attacking a defenceless prey, will know that a fight is inevitable, in which he may be worsted. All hope of successful surface attack would have to be dismissed at once."

All the same, it was not until April 27 that the Convoy System was at last adopted. Admiral Jellicoe, thinking, perhaps, that the War Cabinet did not realise the gravity of the position (the Prime Minister's "attitude seemed to brush aside his anxiety with a ready optimism") addressed to the First Lord of the Admiralty "a document of great historical

preface he gives some idea of the magnitude of his task. "For the events of a single year in a single field of action the historian and his staff must consult 120,000 telegrams and make careful notes upon them." And these telegrams, of course, were only a tithe of the material which Sir Henry was obliged to sift and examine. How he managed to subdue his powerful imagination to this irksome discipline one cannot tell—it must have involved a great effort of will: yet the entire book, with its vast apparatus of maps (thirty-one of these are published in a separate case) reads like a labour of love. By definition it is an "official" history; and something of the brevity and under-statement characteristic of an official despatch is discernible in the firm, full, but never rotund outlines of Sir Henry Newbolt's prose. A vehicle more perfectly suited to its purpose could hardly be imagined; so plain that statistics do not seem out of place in it, yet capable of eloquence and even passion when occasion demands.

The Convoy System was not immediately successful in reducing the submarine menace. The operations from June 15-24 "only gave additional proof of the difficulty of intercepting submarines, even when their routes were known. The outcome was that submarines were sighted sixty-one times by our forces on patrol, and attacked on twelve occasions. None of the attacks caused loss or damage, or affected sub-

marine activities in the approach routes further south." In the eight months ending August 1917, "the submarine patrols in the North Sea and the western approaches had established contact with enemy submarines on 216 occasions, but only one of these encounters had resulted in the destruction of a German submarine."

April 22-23, 1918, saw the blocking of Zeebrugge; May 10 witnessed the blocking of Ostend. Neither of these great feats secured the result that had been hoped for. "Previous to the operation, about two submarines were entering or leaving the Flanders bases every day"; and for five weeks after the operation, this figure was maintained. After that, a decline begins; but it coincides with a general slackening of the German submarine campaign, and cannot be directly attributed to the blocking of

the Flemish ports. There seems little doubt, however, that the destroyers which had been using the ports as bases for raiding the Straits of Dover were very much hampered in their movements.

But even if the results were disappointing, we must not conclude that the operations at Zeebrugge and Ostend were "no more than exhibitions of high courage." They had a tremendous moral effect. "A purely military success would never have been reported or received with so transforming an enthusiasm. The feeling aroused was not merely British pride in a British triumph—it spread like fire, from country to country, from continent to continent; it raised the captive Belgians from their dark oppression, it excited fierce joy in the most distant American training-camp. But, above all, it brought about that prevision of victory, which often in great conflicts appears to be the deciding force—a prevision which is not confined to the combatants, but comes suddenly to the whole attendant world as a revelation of the inevitable end. . . . *Possunt quia posse videntur*—the great achievement of Admiral Keyes and his force was this light in the darkest hour, this reinforcement of endurance with the consciousness of heroic strength, by which they nerved again the moral power for victory in five great nations and two continents."

Sir Henry Newbolt, most generous and chivalrous of historians, rarely allows his pen to exult in the hour of victory; we are glad that in this outstanding instance he put aside some of his impartiality.—L. P. H.



THE LAST OCCASION ON WHICH BRITISH WAR-SHIPS VISITED KIEL BEFORE THE "UNOFFICIAL" VISIT OF THE PRESENT WEEK: IN 1914—SHIPS OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON VISITING KIEL HARBOUR AT THE TIME OF THE OPENING OF THE RECONSTRUCTED KIEL CANAL; WITH A MILITARY ZEPPELIN ABOVE THEM.

We reproduce here a photograph which was published in "The Illustrated London News" of July 4, 1914. In our note as to the opening of the reconstructed Kiel Canal, we then said: "The British Squadron did not take part in the ceremony, for obvious reasons of etiquette. The flag officers were, however, received most courteously by the German Emperor; and officers and bluejackets had an excellent time at Kiel." Naturally, great interest attaches to the illustration, in that it was taken during the last courtesy-visit paid by British war-ships to Germany before the European War. The British vessels were those of the Second Battle Squadron and the First Light Cruiser Squadron. The two light-coloured war-ships seen in the right background of the photograph are German.

importance . . . the only statement we possess, written with complete knowledge and the highest responsibility, of the one mortal danger that has ever threatened this country in war."

In the course of the paper he said: "The real fact of the matter is this. We are carrying on the war at the present time as if we had the absolute command of the sea, whereas we have not such command or anything approaching it. It is quite true that we are masters of the situation so far as surface ships are concerned, but it must be realised—and realised at once—that this will be quite useless if the enemy's submarines paralyse, as they do now, our lines of communication. History has shown from time to time the fatal results of basing naval and military strategy on an insecure line of communications. Disaster is certain to follow, and our present policy is heading straight for disaster. It is useless and dangerous in the highest degree to ignore that fact." Unless certain drastic changes—one of which involved the withdrawal of our troops from Salonica—were made in the conduct of the war, "the Navy" (said Admiral Jellicoe) "will fail in its responsibilities to the country and the country itself will suffer starvation."

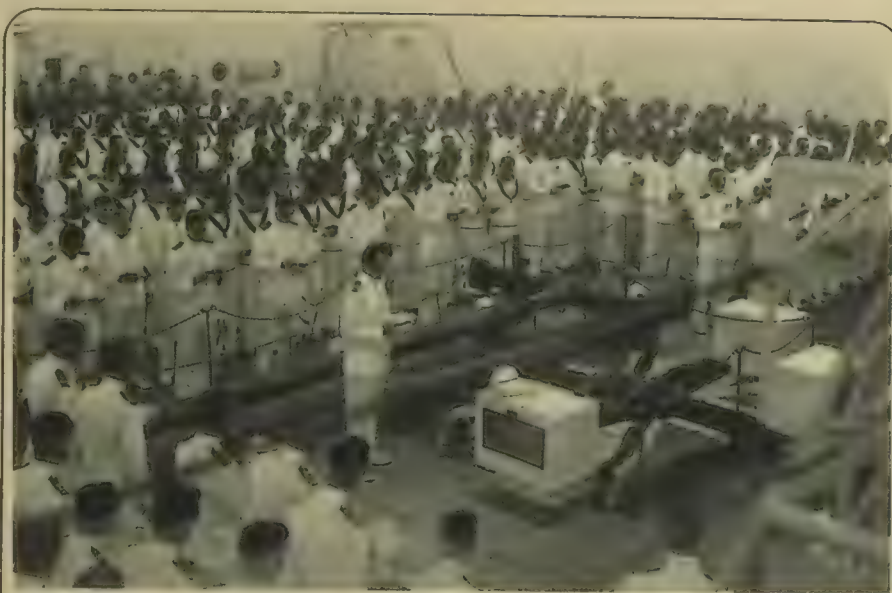
Under the shadow, as it were, of this tremendous threat, Sir Henry Newbolt carries onwards his history; a history so complex, so pregnant with reference and allusion, that its emergence at the end as a work of art seems nothing short of a miracle. In the

* "Naval Operations. An Official History Prepared by Direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Volume V.: 1917 to the Armistice." By Sir Henry Newbolt. (Longmans; 31s. 6d. net.).

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE LOSS OF THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "POSEIDON," AFTER COLLISION WITH THE CHINESE STEAMER "YUTA": HOISTING A SURVIVOR ABOARD H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND." It will be recalled that the submarine "Poseidon" was sunk on June 9, as the result of a collision with the Chinese steamer "Yuta," twenty-one miles north of Wei-hai-Wei. The survivors number five officers and thirty men, among them several men who reached the surface hours



THE LOSS OF THE "POSEIDON": THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN H.M.S. "MEDWAY" AT WEI-HAI-WEI—SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER IN THE FIRST TWO RANKS FACING THE CAMERA. after the disaster by the use of the Davis Submarine Escape Apparatus. Two of those who escaped in this manner died later; and there were eighteen other deaths. Memorial services were held both on land and sea on June 14. One of them is recorded here.



HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG IN A GERMAN WAR-SHIP—THE CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG": A COURTESY OF THE BRITISH NAVAL VISIT TO KIEL.



THE FIRST BRITISH NAVAL VISIT TO A GERMAN PORT SINCE THE WAR: H.M. CRUISER "DORSETSHIRE" (LEADING) AND H.M. CRUISER "NORFOLK," ENTERING KIEL HARBOUR ON JULY 4.



HOISTING THE GERMAN NAVAL FLAG IN THE BRITISH CRUISER "DORSETSHIRE": A COURTESY OF THE BRITISH NAVAL VISIT TO KIEL.

H.M. Cruiser "Dorsetshire," flying the flag of Rear-Admiral E. A. Astley-Rushton, commanding the Second Cruiser Squadron, and H.M. Cruiser "Norfolk" entered Kiel Harbour on the morning

of July 4 for their "unofficial" week's visit. The British ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and were answered by the Friedrichsort Battery. The other courtesies included those illustrated above.



THE GREAT BED OF WARE BOUGHT FOR THE NATION: THE ORNATE HEAD-BOARD OF THE BED—PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS PIECE OF ENGLISH FURNITURE.

The world-famous Great Bed of Ware has been acquired for the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the aid of a generous grant from the National Art-Collections Fund. It was bought from Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons, in whose galleries, at 26, King Street, St. James's, it is to be seen until July 31. The bed, which is of oak, and is a splendid specimen of Elizabethan craftsmanship, is of very large proportions—10 ft. 9 in. in length and breadth and 7 ft. 6½ in. in height—and it is claimed that it has held twelve "frolicsome" sleepers. At some remote date the height was reduced; probably to enable the bed to be placed in a low room. It has been suggested that its first home was Ware Park. In the early eighteenth century it was in the Crown Inn at Ware, whence it was removed in 1764 to the Saracen's Head in the same town. For the last fifty years it has been in a building within the grounds of Rye House, Hoddesdon, celebrated for the abortive plot to murder Charles II. and the Duke of York. Shakespeare's reference to it is in "Twelfth Night": "Although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England."



THE GREAT BED OF WARE—FOR TWELVE! A PIECE OF FURNITURE REFERRED TO BY SHAKESPEARE (IN "TWELFTH NIGHT") AND BY MANY LESS FAMOUS WRITERS.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

NO novelist of the younger school better deserves attention than does Miss Elizabeth Bowen. I use the word "attention" advisedly, for Miss Bowen demands all the attention the reader has to give. But, unlike certain other "difficult" authors, she rewards it. If, in forty or fifty years' time, "circles" are formed to study her works, they will find it an enchanting but an exacting occupation.

She has not at present, I am glad to say, attained the degree of obscurity reached by Henry James in his later novels. Her early books, like his, were limpid and plain sailing. If we make a parallel between their literary careers, Miss Bowen will be found to have advanced (as far as immediate intelligibility is concerned) to a point represented in the novels of Henry James by "The Spoils of Poynton"—that is, the beginning of the middle period.

Miss Bowen is not in any sense a direct imitator of Henry James. Her style is not in the least like his, and when her work is obscure, it is obscure in a different way. One's difficulty with James is to read what is in the lines. He takes you by the

hand, but up paths that are sometimes too steep to follow. It is only (or, perhaps one should say, it is chiefly) in dialogue that he is elliptical. Miss Bowen expects one at any moment to take a violent mental leap; and, as she is very flattering to one's intelligence, as often as not it is a leap in the dark. "Friends and Relations," her latest, and perhaps her most brilliant, novel, is full of hiatuses which the reader must bridge as best he can: his progress is rather like that of Eliza during her famous "escape"; and he experiences the same sense of exhilaration when, having bounded from suggestion to suggestion, and from implication to implication, he finds himself within reach, as it were, of his author's meaning.

I should be sorry to have to sum up, briefly, the moral of Miss Bowen's book; but it has a moral, for, like James, Miss Bowen is intensely interested in moral values. It traces the history of two young married couples; leaving them on the verge of middle age, perplexed, worried, almost desperate. And why? The circumstances of the two sisters, Laurel and Janet, were comfortable enough; their children, though selfish and outspoken, were bright and attractive; they enjoyed a London life, a country life, and the society of a great many friends and relations: some dull and dependable, like Lewis and Willa, others brilliant and unaccountable, like Theodora and Lady Elfrida. If for one long week they suffered terribly from the heat, so much so that the distemper of the climate infected their emotions, they had Batts and all its rural amenities to soothe and distract them. But the truth of the matter is (if one can transfix Miss Bowen's story, that dazzling, multi-coloured butterfly, with such a clumsy peg) that Janet's motive in marrying Rodney was not only inadequate, it was (to use an old-fashioned word) downright wicked: nothing could come of it but unhappiness. Miss Bowen, however, is loath to surrender her story to tragedy; her wit and her humour flash out and illuminate the menacing scene like bright sunshine on a thundery day.

"Challenge to Clarissa" is a comedy of manners, written with the incisiveness and irony Miss Delafield's readers have learned to expect. Clarissa is a woman of character who affects the lives of nearly every one in the book, even those who are not financially dependent upon her. Her chief desire is to bend other people's wills to hers; and for a long time she meets with no repulse: she even succeeds in marrying Reggie, though he did not want to marry her, and was,

besides, married already. But though she could buy herself an unloving husband, with all her money she could not easily stay the course of true love. She was, however, able to see that it did not run smooth; her son and her step-daughter had to go through some very bad moments before she was prepared to recognise their engagement. "Challenge to Clarissa," though not a very probable, is a very readable, story.

"All Passion Spent" has for its central figure a woman who also wanted to get her own way; but the one idea of Lady Slane, widow of a Prime Minister, was not to exercise authority, but to avoid having it exercised over her. As she was eighty-eight when her husband died, her children thought it their duty to be the support of her declining years—their duty, not their pleasure, for they were an unloving and undistinguished set of people. So they were not grieved, only irritated, when she rejected their offers of house-room and went to live in Hampstead by herself. Freed from their control, her life turns into a brief but delightful fairy-story, peopled with strange characters, rich in contentment, coloured by the soft hues of romance. Though passion was spent, interest in life remained; Lady Slane had never enjoyed herself so much. She is a charming character, an admirable study for Miss Sackville-West's grave and beautiful prose.

Quality, not quantity, is Mr. David Garnett's maxim: "The Grasshoppers Come" is one of his briefest, as it is one of his best, stories. It tells how a small party, two men and a woman, essayed a record-breaking flight to Hong Kong. Nothing much depended on it but the achievement of the record and the possibility that, when it was over, the rich Mrs. Beaulands, who was organising the trip, would marry Wilmot Shap. But this romantic consideration played little part in the prosaic and slightly cynical thoughts of Wrecks, the pilot, who is the central figure of the story. For it is he who, when the machine crashes in an Asiatic desert, is left to face starvation, and is saved almost miraculously by the coming of the grasshoppers. How the others met their fate we do not know:

Wrecks's struggle to preserve his life is one of the most telling things in recent fiction.

"Hatter's Castle" is a novel that belongs to the "powerful" class. Mr. Cronin has chosen a painful subject: the successive stages in the impoverishment of a proud and successful man. James Brodie was the petty tyrant of Levenford, near the Clyde; a man so disagreeable that the reader is inclined to watch with complacency the blows that the gods, affronted perhaps by his hubris, rain upon him. Everything goes badly for him; his son turns out a



MR. ALAN THOMAS,
AUTHOR OF "THE STOLEN
CELLINI."

failure; his elder daughter is seduced; his wife dies of cancer; and (most bitter of all to his pride) his business is taken from him by the competition of a more enterprising firm. His humiliation is complete. "Hatter's Castle" is a sombre tale of disaster, unrelieved by humour; but it is a fine piece of work.

It might, however, have been condensed with advantage, as might also "The Career of Julian Stanley-Williams," another impressive study in individual decadence. The hero, a spoilt and beautiful child, grows up into a spoilt and beautiful man. The stage is the obvious profession

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Friends and Relations. By Elizabeth Bowen. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
Challenge to Clarissa. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
All Passion Spent. By V. Sackville-West. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
The Grasshoppers Come. By David Garnett. (Chatto and Windus; 5s.)
Hatter's Castle. By A. J. Cronin. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
The Career of Julian Stanley-Williams. By Adrian Alington. (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.)
Prisoners Under the Sun. By Norbert Bauer. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
The Sophisticates. By Gertrude Atherton. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
The Stolen Cellini. By Alan Thomas. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)
The Missing Money-Lender. By W. Stanley Sykes. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
The Case of the Missing Sandals. By Nancy Barr Mavity. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Footsteps on the Stairs. By Leslie Ford. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Cat and Feather. By Don Basil. (Earle; 7s. 6d.)

for him; but, though his appearance is so much in his favour, he never makes a name for himself as an actor. The public was not deceived into admiring him, but many women were; and it was years before Winifred, his wife, who had seen so many examples of his vanity and faithlessness, decided that she could do without him. Long before that final test came, he had abandoned her and found a soul-mate in Isobel, whom he grew to loathe. Mr. Adrian Alington has no pity on his hero, nor does he ever try to present him in an amiable light. Consequently, one

becomes a little tired of his company through so many pages. But he is drawn with art and skill: one would recognise him at once if one met him in the street; the portrait, built up by so many minute touches, is a marvel of consistency.

"Prisoners Under the Sun" illustrates the effect of the Sudanese climate on a group of white men, mostly English. That effect, as may be guessed, is deplorable. Circumstances make it tragic: the unbridled lusts of one of the men lead to a hideous dénouement. This dénouement, unpleasant as it is to read, is the best thing in Herr



MR. A. J. CRONIN,
AUTHOR OF "HATTER'S
CASTLE."

Bauer's book, which, on the whole, lacks grip, though it possesses insight and imagination.

In "The Sophisticates" Mrs. Atherton shows us what might happen to a woman, acquitted on the charge of murdering her husband, but considered guilty by the townsfolk, if she went on living in her native place. On the whole, Melton Abbey had rather a good time. Those who disapproved of and would have cold-shouldered her were people whom, on account of her exalted social position, she rarely met; and when she did she conciliated them; whereas the group of intellectuals who had composed her salon during the life of her unlamented husband regarded her with pride. In the end, she could not stand their perverse adulation and fled from them. Considering Mrs. Atherton's reputation as a writer, some of the humour in "The Sophisticates" seems a little ponderous, and the dialogue is unnatural; but it is not a dull book.

"The Stolen Cellini" introduces two detectives—Maurice and Cyril—of a new type. The austere detective-story reader may find them too elegant and frivolous, but will not be able to deny the neatness with which they scored off Sir Julius Venn, alias Humectus, or the charm of Mr. Alan Thomas's narrative. "The Missing Money-Lender" is a detective-story written by a doctor for doctors: it is clever, but the explanation is almost too technically medical. But Mr. Sykes uses his professional knowledge with skill and judgment to obtain effects of horror; there are several good shudders in his story.

"The Case of the Missing Sandals," in which Peter Piper at last discovers why the murderer of Luna, high-priestess of a witchcraft cult, took away her sandals, and what he did with them, is too fantastic, even as an account of American life. "Footsteps on the Stairs" has an agreeable Englishman for detective; I was surprised that the house-party at Monckton Hall, on the Potomac, allowed him to cross-question them so freely; but no one but he would ever have discovered the murderer of Justice Frazier. Mr. Leslie Ford's story is well written, and contains several surprises. "Cat and Feather" is also surprising; but I feel that Don Basil's imaginative gift is cramped by the conventions of the detective story; he can get an effect of horror, but the cruelty-complex is not a satisfactory motive for murder—even though "Turner" had others as well.



MR. ADRIAN ALINGTON,
AUTHOR OF "THE CAREER OF
JULIAN STANLEY-WILLIAMS."



MR. DAVID GARNETT,
AUTHOR OF "THE GRASS-
HOPPERS COME."



MR. W. STANLEY SYKES,
AUTHOR OF "THE MISSING
MONEY-LENDER."

THE COURT AT THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE AFTER FOUR YEARS.



EDINBURGH'S WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN: ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS GREETING THEIR MAJESTIES AS THEY DROVE FROM PRINCES STREET STATION TO THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

SCENES of great enthusiasm marked the arrival of the King and Queen in Edinburgh on July 4, to hold their Court at the Palace of Holyroodhouse—for the first time for four years. Their Majesties travelled by special train from Euston to Princes Street Station, and were piloted on their journey by the "Royal Scot." Aeroplanes escorted them from the border. At Princes Street they were met by the Lord Provost, who presented the keys of the City to the King with the customary speech, and by members of the Town Council. The drive to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, in the course of which the procession travelled along Princes Street, was made in an open carriage which was preceded by an outrider in scarlet. On July 5 their Majesties attended Divine service at St. Giles's Cathedral; and in the afternoon they visited the Scottish Naval and Military Museum in Edinburgh Castle, under the guidance of the Duke of Atholl. The visit will conclude on July 13.



THE KING AND QUEEN ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE ON THE HAPPY OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL AFTER FOUR YEARS: THEIR MAJESTIES' ARRIVAL AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A "NAZI" IN FORBIDDEN UNIFORM: A SENTRY BEFORE THE "BROWN HOUSE" AT MUNICH, RECENTLY RAIDED BY THE POLICE.

When the "Nazis" in Munich persisted in ignoring the Bavarian Government's prohibition of the wearing of party uniforms, gendarmes occupied the "Brown House," their national headquarters, on July 4, and arrested all sentries, doorkeepers, and other uniformed members of the party. Our reproduction shows a sentry before the "Brown House" in uniform—brown shirt, black képi, and swastika armband.



SUBMARINE RESCUE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY: A BUOY DESIGNED TO BE SENT UP FROM A SUNKEN SUBMARINE.

Great interest attaches to American devices for submarine rescue in view of the successful use of the Davis apparatus employed in the British Navy by members of the crew of H.M. Submarine "Poseidon" in the disaster of last month. The Davis apparatus was fully illustrated by us at the time. The American buoy seen here on the left can be shot to the surface from a sunken submarine, to mark its position and establish communication with ships on the surface. The apparatus in the other illustration (equipped with telephone and electric-light) can haul itself down to the wrecked submarine by means of a motor, and, it is stated, rescue as many as eight of the crew at a time.



SUBMARINE RESCUE WORK IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY: INSIDE A CHAMBER DESIGNED TO HAUL ITSELF DOWN TO THE WRECK.



NELSON'S HISTORIC FLAG-SHIP UNDER STEAM! H.M.S. "VICTORY" AS REPRESENTED BY A MODEL BUILT ON A LAUNCH FOR NAVY WEEKS.

The model has a steam-launch as a foundation. It was in evidence at Navy Weeks last year. Officers of the Royal Navy sailed it at Southsea the other day, testing it for its appearances during Portsmouth's next Navy Week. During that Week, which begins on August 1, there will be "staged" a most realistic fight between a "Q" ship and a submarine, produced by Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., who may be dubbed the most famous mystery-ship commander of the war.



CAMBRIDGE'S "LAST-MINUTE" MAN MAKING AN INTER-UNIVERSITY RECORD (AFTERWARDS BEATEN BY THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI): A. RATCLIFFE SCORING HIS 201.

On the first day of the University Match at Lord's, A. Ratcliffe (Rydal and Trinity Hall), who was included in the eleven at the last minute, J. G. W. Davies having sprained an ankle, scored 201 before he was caught Melville, bowled Scott. Thus he knocked up a higher score than any made in the match until then. The previous best was 172, by J. F. Marsh, in 1904. On the second day the Nawab of Pataudi beat Ratcliffe's record by scoring 238 not out.



THE HOOVER PLAN FOR A WAR DEBTS MORATORIUM: A MEETING IN PARIS—MM. FLANDIN AND BRIAND; MR. EDGE AND MR. MELLON; AND M. PONCET. (L. TO R.) M. Flandin is the French Minister for Finance; M. Briand is the French Foreign Minister; Mr. Walter E. Edge is the American Ambassador in Paris; and M. François Poncet is French Under-Secretary for National Economy. It was announced on July 6 that an agreement in detail—with certain reservations for discussion later—had been reached between France and the United States on the proposed suspension for a year of war debts and reparation payments.



MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN'S SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF D'ANNUNZIO'S "LE MARTYRE DE SAINT SEBASTIEN."

Great interest has been awakened by the appearance of Mme. Ida Rubinstein, the famous Parisian dancer and actress, for a season at Covent Garden. This season, which includes both ballets and plays, opened on July 6, with a performance of "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien"—the play written for her by Gabriele d'Annunzio, with music by Claude Debussy. The other play which she intends to present is "La Dame aux Camélias."



"LADIES AND GYPSIES":

A JOYOUS DANCE IN SPAIN.—BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A.

Mr. Russell Flint's art needs no introduction to our readers; and it will be remembered that we gave, in our issue of May 9, a reproduction of his picture of a Spanish dancer ("Shall I Play to You?")—a work which, like "Ladies and Gypsies," is exhibited in this year's Royal Academy. Since the recent upheaval in Spain, every phase of life in that country has acquired an intensified interest, including its entertainments—as witness, for example, the dancing of La Argentina, which is definitely recalled by Mr. Russell Flint's brilliant canvas. The artist has caught a characteristic feature of Spain which, naturally enough, attracts the Northerner—the contrast between the almost cloistral modesty of the Spanish ladies, seen here wearing solemn black, and the abandon of the gypsy dancers garbed in willowy dresses with tiers of waving frills.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A., R.W.S.; EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



"THE LONG GALLERY AT BURTON CONSTABLE": THE MELLOW GLORY OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME.

The "Four Georges" exhibition, held in Park Lane last winter, demonstrated delightfully that vital tradition in English painting which then influenced and encouraged painters of interiors. The artists of the "conversation piece" seemed to specialise in recording faithfully the home life of the well-to-do and cultured, and the lead they gave has been kept alive and vigorous in our own day by such masters of the trash as Mr. L. Campbell Taylor and Mr. Frederick Elwell, the latter of whom, it will be remembered, is exhibiting in this year's Royal Academy "A Curiosity Shop" and his work entitled "The Squire"—a pictorial record of morning prayers in a country household. The interior painting by Mr. Elwell which is reproduced here perpetuates, not the personages and the human types, but the framework, or the background, of English domesticity. The room—the Long Gallery at Burton

Constable lit by mellow sunlight—is an apartment which commands our respect—and envy! And be it noted that the Constable family has held Burton Constable since the Norman Conquest. It was owned in direct succession for nearly eight hundred years, when, the line having failed, it was diverted to Kinfalk who assumed the surname. In Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "A Book About Yorkshire," we read that: "The house, built on the site of an older foundation . . . stands in a park of great size. . . . Its collection of pictures is chiefly made up of family portraits, and includes one of Sir Henry Constable, created Viscount Dunbar by James I." Mr. Fletcher speaks also of the "magnificent library, nearly 120 ft. in length, wherein were stored valuable collections of manuscripts relating to the history of E. Yorkshire, and the papers of Dr. Burton, author of 'Monasticum Eboracense' . . ."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FREDERICK ELWELL, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1930. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, F. H. PUNAN, ESQ.

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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S: THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.

The names of the team are (l. to r., standing): A. Ratcliffe (Trinity Hall), D. M. Parry (St. Catharine's), D. R. Wilcox (Pembroke), K. Farnes (Pembroke), J. G. W. Davies (St. John's), J. T. H. Comber (Pembroke), J. C. Christopherson (Pembroke); (seated): A. H. Fabian (Pembroke), A. G. Hazlerigg (Trinity), C. D. Kemp-Welch (Capt.; Sidney Sussex), R. H. C. Human (Emmanuel), F. R. Brown (St. John's). Davies did not play. In the first innings Ratcliffe made 201.



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S: THE OXFORD TEAM.

The names of the team are (l. to r., standing): T. M. Hart (Brasenose), D. G. Raikes (Queen's), R. S. G. Scott (Magdalen), H. G. Owen-Smith (Magdalen), F. G. H. Chalk (Brasenose), W. O'B. Lindsay (Balliol); (seated): B. W. Hone (New College), the Nawab of Pataudi (Balliol), A. Melville (Capt.; Trinity), E. M. Wellings (Christ Church), W. H. Bradshaw (Trinity). In the first innings the Nawab of Pataudi made 238 not out.



SIR WILLIAM WATERLOW, BT.

Died, July 6; aged sixty. Lord Mayor of London, 1929-30. Sole managing-director of Waterlow Bros. and Layton, the famous printers and stationers; later, chairman of Waterlow and Sons, Ltd., from the board of which he retired in 1928.



GEN. SIR NEVILLE LYTTETON.

First Chief of Imperial General Staff; and Governor of Chelsea Hospital since 1912. Died, July 6; aged eighty-five. Commanded a Brigade in the Sudan, 1898. Commanded the Forces in South Africa, 1902-4. C.-in-C. of the Forces in Ireland, 1908-12.



WILLIAM BURKE, THE WINNER OF THE UNITED STATES GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP BY ONE STROKE.

George Von Elm and W. Burke tied in the final round of the United States Open Golf Championship, with 292 for seventy-two holes. In the replay, over thirty-six holes, another tie resulted. On this occasion Von Elm was one down at the 34th, but got square at the 36th with a "birdie" three! Finally, on July 6, Burke beat Von Elm at the third attempt, by one stroke.



GEORGE VON ELM, THE RUNNER-UP, WHO TWICE TIED WITH BURKE IN THE U.S. GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



MISS MARGERY HOYLE, M.A.

Appointed an assistant-keeper in the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum, July 1. The first woman to be appointed to the Museum's senior staff, though they have been eligible for some years. An M.A. of Manchester University.



SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE, BT.

A former Chief Conservative Whip, and a friend and adviser of Lord Beaconsfield. Died, July 3; aged ninety-three. Sat forty-one years in the House of Commons, in nine Parliaments, and served in the Conservative Ministry of Lord Salisbury (1885).



MR. D. MACLEOD WRIGHT.

In the A.A.A. championships, at Stamford Bridge, on July 3, D. Macleod Wright retained the Marathon (Windsor to Stamford Bridge) title, winning in 2 hr. 49 min. 54.1-5 sec.—the slowest time yet recorded in this race, owing to the heat.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON IN CAMP AT OLD SARUM: FUTURE PILOTS—AND A MACHINE.

The Cambridge University Air Squadron is in its annual summer camp at Old Sarum, near Salisbury. The squadron is seventy-five strong, divided into three parties of twenty-five, each of which enjoys a fortnight's training. Good weather this year has allowed each member to spend about ten hours' flying a week. This year is the last camp at which the "Bristol" fighter will be used. The University Squadrons are about to be equipped with the "Atlas" type of machine.



THE DUKE OF AOSTA.

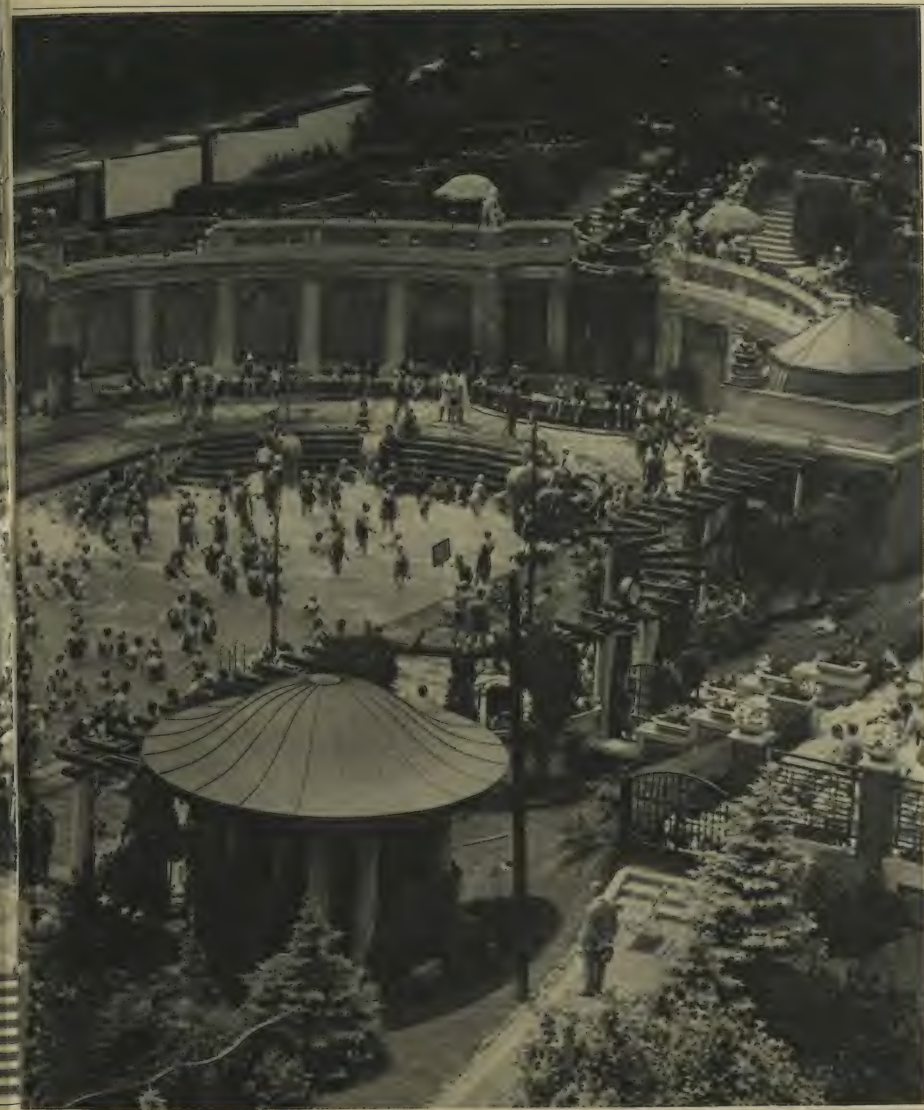
Died, July 4; born, 1869. First cousin of the King of Italy. Italian military commander. Led Italian 3rd Army on the Carso in the Great War. Made a request to be buried in a cemetery on the Carso. "among my soldiers."

INLAND SURF-BATHING AMID BREAKERS RAISED BY COMPRESSED AIR: A "SEASHORE" IN A CITY.



THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL AS A "PLAGE": THE GREAT MUNICIPAL SWIMMING-POOL OF

In England, we are becoming familiar with the facilities for outdoor recreation which are provided by public bodies desirous of entertaining and benefiting both grown-ups and children: have we not municipal sports grounds and playgrounds, swimming-baths, and, above all, the "Lansbury Lido" in Hyde Park; and are not "Beer-Gardens" amenities half-promised? We are becoming familiar—but in Central Europe the authorities are more ambitious than ours. Doubtless the longer journeys that have to be faced before Bavarians, Austrians, or Hungarians, for example, can reach the sea are reasons for the great popularity of swimming-baths and sun-bathing establishments. In modern Germany, we are told, almost every village has its open-air sun- and swimming-bath; and as long ago



BUDAPEST, WHICH PERMITS MIXED BATHING AMID ARTIFICIALLY-CREATED WAVES.

as 1928 we illustrated the "kolossal" specimen at the Luna Park in Berlin, where the bathers can enjoy artificial surf without any of the possible dangers of real sea-bathing. The same is true of the open-air swimming-pool built by the Municipality of Budapest, and illustrated here. Artificial waves are created in it by means of compressed air; so that the people of Budapest (and the numerous visitors that capital attracts) can experience all the fun and exhilaration of surf-bathing without risk and without having to endure a tiresome and expensive journey to the sea—a journey rather over twice as long as any that would have to be made by dwellers in such inland English towns as Coventry or Nottingham, and, quite possibly, not altogether so easily arranged.

RODIN MASTERPIECES FOR LONDON:
SCULPTURES TO BE SHOWN AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



"LA FATIGUE."



"UGOLIN."



"J.-B. RODIN"—RODIN'S FATHER—A BUST SCULPTED BY RODIN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.



"ESCUAPE."



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SCULPTED BY RODIN IN 1907, WHEN "G. B. S." WAS FIFTY-ONE.



"DEVANT LA MER," A FINE WORK WHICH IS TO BE SEEN IN LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME.



"DANAÏDE," A WORK, HERE SEEN IN MARBLE, WHICH IS TO BE SHOWN IN BRONZE AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

Those who are interested in modern sculpture, as opposed to that sculpture which may be described as "Epsteinish," will welcome the news that a very important exhibition of masterpieces by Rodin is to be opened at the Leicester Galleries on July 14, and that this will contain a number of works which will be new to the public, having been cast but recently by the Musée Rodin. Auguste Rodin, it may, perhaps, be recalled, was born in Paris in 1840 and died in 1917. A replica of his "Burghers of Calais" is in the Victoria Tower Gardens, Westminster; and his "Le Penseur" was presented to the British nation by Mr. Ernest Beckett (Lord Grimthorpe) in 1904. This work was produced in 1889, but it was not until 1904 that it was shown in bronze in the Salon. It was originally called "Le Poète," and it is the central, dominating figure over "The Gate of Hell." The cast to be seen in the Leicester Galleries is of the work as originally

modelled, on a small scale; and it bears the incised description, "Ière Épreuve." For the rest, we may quote a line or two from Professor Joseph Hudnut's article in the "Britannica": "Auguste Rodin was the first sculptor to challenge successfully the classic authority. Taking nature, not tradition, for his guide, he created a purely naturalistic sculpture, almost wholly free from architectonic form. Not structure, nor abstract harmonies of mass, are emphasised in his work, but rather the natural loveliness of flesh. . . . This realism he used as a medium for narrative and for the expression of sentiment. His sculptures are a series of pictures in which characterisation and action, ideas and romance, not form, are the things insisted upon. To attain these he eventually sacrificed even his realism, developing an impressionistic style which permits a distortion of nature and an elimination for the sake of emphasis far in excess of that permitted by the classic canon."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Now that India is trying to raise the wind, in a financial sense, and has already raised so much dust politically, the moment seems opportune to recall a more sinister wind from that quarter, of the type now familiar as "reaching gale force," and one that deserved the poet's censure—

The wind that bloweth from the East
Is good for neither man nor beast.

The means of recalling it are to hand in a book of outstanding interest and importance, namely, "THE INDIAN MUTINY IN PERSPECTIVE." By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery; author of "Afghanistan." With Twenty-three Illustrations and Sketch Maps (Bell; 15s.). The illustrations include portraits of the principal British leaders in the campaign and contemporary drawings of incidents in the fighting.

"It is now over seventy years," writes the author, "since there swept through the northern portion of India that catastrophe spoken of by Indians of a generation ago as the 'Devil's Wind,' *Shaitan ka hawa*, more generally known as the Great Indian Mutiny of 1857, and more exactly as the mutiny of the Bengal Army. It is important to realise that it was only one army, that of Bengal, that was engulfed, and not the sister but quite separate formations, the armies of Madras and Bombay. . . . When India is once again showing signs of hysterical and unnecessary unrest, it is well to study this story of the 'Devil's Wind,' both for its venture and for an understanding of the permanent bonds in which it entwines our destiny and that of Hindustan. . . . The story, which shows us our mistakes and our glories, will give us some medium in which to study the present. . . . It may also be remarked, as a reason for a new book on the Mutiny, that the last history of merit appeared over thirty years ago, and that it is the habit of the age to read eagerly stories of the past if written from a modern angle. Most of us are too busy to hunt up old books, though willing to read new books on old subjects. . . . The existing histories have often failed to bring out certain military essentials which are needed if the past is to have lessons for the future."

From this last-mentioned point of view the book will appeal especially to soldiers, for Sir George MacMunn has filled the gaps in previous accounts with authoritative information. Among other things, he points out the fact, frequently overlooked, that when the Mutiny broke out the Commander-in-Chief (General Anson) and his staff were in Simla, so that the Viceroy (Lord Canning) in Calcutta was deprived of military advisers and executive; and in those days, of course, means of communication were slow. General Anson's death from cholera on his way to recapture Delhi still further disarranged the military machine. Sir George also makes clear the great difficulties of organising an unexpected campaign, due partly to the fact that the mutineers had possession of certain arsenals, and partly to the so-called "Mogul" system of supply and transport, under which every unit provided for itself and drew in its train countless camp-followers—a method which seriously hampered the operations. Another section of strong military interest is that describing the reorganisation of the Indian Army after the great upheaval, and its present condition. Here Sir George writes: "The camaraderie, affection and respect between officers and men since the Mutiny has been great. It was at its zenith in 1914, it is as high now, and it has resisted the most desperate attempt of the implacables and their Soviet friends in the last ten years to bring about another Mutiny. . . . The strain of the World War on this New Army was immense. . . . It is an astounding story, this epic of Indian Army and

Indian followers who helped maintain the Union Jack from the Great Wall to the Flanders Flats."

Too often, I think, the tale of the Indian Mutiny is "taken as read," from vague recollections of inadequate accounts in school history books. To those who know it only from that source, Sir George MacMunn's masterly narrative will come as a revelation. He does not dwell unnecessarily on the horrors, but gives them their due place as an element in the drama and as a reason for the stern reprisals. The virtue of his book is that it enables modern readers to realise the causes of the Mutiny, the extent and complexities of the campaign, the time it lasted, and the order and inter-relation of events. It is, indeed, an epic of terror and heroism, and to read it should be regarded as a patriotic duty.

Few living men are so well qualified as Sir George MacMunn to retell this dark chapter in Indian history and to point its present significance. "My nurse in early childhood," he recalls, "was the widow of a sergeant in the 32nd Foot, and had been through the Defence of the Residency. Never did I tire of her stories, while the fact that my father and many relatives had been in the Mutiny and all those with whom I was brought up at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, had been in many Indian campaigns, has made the Mutiny of the Bengal Army the most romantic and fascinating of subjects to me. From my first going to India till my coming away, I have studied every accessible scene; I have talked to every veteran I could find. . . . It has also been my business when on the General Staff in India to study the problem of internal defence and security lest history repeat itself, and therefore, to ponder the real military aspects of the uprising and how to do better if the 'Devil's Wind' rose again. . . . One fact must never be forgotten. The Indian Mutiny, even when it grew to rebellion, was not a war between British and Indian. Tens of thousands of Indian soldiers from all parts of India took part eagerly in its repression." For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, Sir George gives valuable advice on the basic books available. He concludes with



USED ON THE OCCASION OF HUMAN SACRIFICES IN BENIN: A BRONZE HEAD WITH A LONG, TAPERING HEAD-DRESS; CAST IN RELIEF WITH FIGURES OF ALLIGATORS AND SNAKES, AND OTHER DEVICES.

This fine bronze will figure in the sale of West African curios which is to be held at Foster's on July 16.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Foster, 54, Pall Mall, S.W.1.



FROM A JU-JU HOUSE IN BENIN TO A LONDON AUCTION-ROOM: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE PLAQUE CAST IN RELIEF WITH FIGURES OF A CHIEF AND FOUR ATTENDANTS.

The very interesting bronze here illustrated will figure in the sale of West African curios which is to be held at Foster's on July 16. It comes from Benin, so long notorious for the sanguinary nature of the rites of human sacrifice practised in it, and it had place in one of the Ju-Ju houses, where it formed a part of the elaborate decoration. It is a fine example of that native art of casting in bronze which owed its inception to the Portuguese who explored the walled city of Benin in the sixteenth century. The craft has now been lost; so that specimens of it are of great rarity.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Foster, 54, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

"the hope that never more may India be convulsed, but may come to greater fruition in a condominium," and an apt quotation from Lyall's *Ex occidente Vox*—containing these words of the West to the East—

And the storms shall end, and the ancient wrong.

Moving further East, I come to a book in which warfare is not the primary motive but occurs incidentally at intervals, as an influence on the changing forms of an Oriental

civilisation. I refer to "A HISTORY OF CHINESE ART." From Ancient Times to the Present Day. By George Soulié de Morant. Translated by G. C. Wheeler. With Eighty Colotype Plates and Many Line Drawings in the Text (Harrap; 25s.). As a consul in China, the author has been able to study his subject on the spot and so supplement a wide knowledge derived from art collections. The scope of his inquiry has been very wide and includes not only painting and sculpture, pottery, metalwork, and all varieties of decoration, but also architecture, as represented by royal palaces and other buildings, including the Great Wall. From its very antiquity, Chinese art, considered as a whole, is bewildering to any but the expert without some such guidance as this volume provides. In its compactness and definite system of classification, the book should, I think, be extremely useful to all students who require a clear and connected survey covering so vast a field.

M. de Morant is far more than a mere chronicler of dates and products. His principle has been to isolate the typical style of each period in relation to contemporary thought and political influences. He has chosen as illustrations for each period the most characteristic examples which can be authentically dated. "Style," he writes, "is a fact, not an opinion. . . . Art, where creating a style, takes as the springs of action—to glorify them—the dominant characteristics of the successful, of the rulers of the day—the buyers of its works." Pursuing this method, the author takes each period in turn, explains the mentality of the ruling powers, and shows by description and illustration its effect on contemporary art. A good instance is his account of the Tang style (seventh to tenth century A.D.). "The history of this dynasty" (he writes) "shows a mixture of glorious conquests and of defeats or sudden and disastrous rebellions. It was Tang armies which, in 715, stemmed in Western Turkestan the wave of Islam's armies that Charles Martel was holding back at the same time in France. But for the Franks and Chinese, the whole of mankind would undoubtedly have been brought under Islam. . . . The style is characterised by sweeping forms, rounded lines, vigour and simplicity of design, breadth and power of colouring, and strength rather than delicacy of ornamentation."

An entertaining study of existing social and political conditions in a large part of Asia is to be found in a new volume by a famous woman traveller—"CONFLICT." Angola to Afghanistan. By Rosita Forbes. With a Foreword by Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes. With Forty-Eight Half-tone Plates (Cassell; 15s.). This delightful book is the outcome of a journey through Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Iraq, and Persia to the Afghan border, and back along the Russian frontier through Azerbaijan and Kurdistan. Explaining her title, the author says: "In every country I found a state of conflict, which included not only the inevitable racial, religious and political disputes, but a more formidable antagonism between the educated and the ignorant; between the free-thinker and the fanatic; between sexes, classes and generations." Naturally, she was deeply concerned to observe the social conditions of Eastern women. Especially interesting, too, are her impressions of life in the Persian oil-fields, with their incongruously modern "mushroom" cities, and her personal interview with the Shah.

In "THE PEOPLE OF THE LEAVES," By Vivian Meik. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.), the author describes his discovery of a shy and primitive tribe of pigmies inhabiting the remote forests of Rairakhol, localised as "somewhere beyond Sambalpur." Having tracked them to their lair, he lived among them for a time, regarded by them as a god, and describes their childish mentality, timid character, and non-moral ways in a vein of sentimental compassion. He sees in them a survival of Eden, and spins around them a web of romance, but I do not find his enthusiasm very catching.

Travel of a different kind, among ruins of past civilisations rather than curiosities of living savagery, is recorded in "NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF AN IDLER IN THE EAST." By Harold Manacorda, late Minister Plenipotentiary of H.M. the King of Italy. Illustrated (Heath Cranton; 3s. 6d.). This journey was inspired by an exhibition, at the British Museum, of objects found by Mr. Leonard Woolley at Ur of the Chaldees. Readers familiar with his wonderful discoveries, as illustrated in our pages, will appreciate the force of the inspiration. The author and his wife (who took most of the photographs for the book) visited also Rhodes and Cyprus, Damascus, Jerusalem, Baghdad, Ctesiphon, and Palmyra. At Ur they were shown over the excavations by Mr. Woolley himself, "and under such circumstances" (writes the author) "the interest of our visit was multiplied a hundred times." The book is none the worse for being quite simple and unpretentious. It is sometimes a relief to be spared "purple patches."

C. E. B.

THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

VII.—THE FIXED INCOME.

A CONSERVATIVE M.P., a barrister, kindly proposed the other day that a special tax should be levied upon the "rentier" to help keep the unemployed in idleness and comfort. It was a foolish and irresponsible suggestion, for you might just as well propose a levy on barristers, most of whom are unemployed. Who and what is a rentier? It is a French term signifying a man who lives on his *rentes*, that is, the income of his investments, or, if he is a landowner, on his rents from tenants. It is now frequently used to designate, in English, all those who are unjustly taxed at a slightly higher

where life is often pretty bleak and uncomfortable. Another large and very different class, who suffer much from the present social conditions, are the young people with small incomes derived from salaries, which either diminish owing to the world slump, or increase by microscopic additions spread over a lifetime. Civil servants of the lower division, clerks, secretaries of companies, typists, shop assistants, and seamstresses, form this division of society, which has a very hard struggle to make both ends meet. These at least have youth on their side, and it has to be admitted that cheap and luxurious locomotion,

the gramophone or wireless receiver, the piano, the sewing-machine, the furniture of the little house at Dulwich or Surbiton, may all be bought for a small payment down, and monthly instalments stretching sometimes over four years. Economists may frown over the system as one that encourages people to acquire luxuries beyond their means and entangles them in debt. But I don't see it. They get luxuries before they are too old to enjoy them, and the terms of reputable firms are fair. If for one reason or another they are unable to continue their instalments, the goods are returned and also their payments, with a fair deduction for use and wear. The system is even more extensively practised in America than here; and it certainly was not the hire-purchase system, but the speculations of rich men, that brought about the Stock Exchange crash.

Much might be done to alleviate the fight for existence in the middle class if the burthen of taxation were more evenly distributed. The working classes do not shoulder their fair share, for they pay no income-tax, and a great deal is done for them by State intervention, such as free education, insurance, etc. In my opinion the income-tax ought to be simplified, so that it is no longer a puzzle even to lawyers, and it should be paid by everybody, down to incomes of £2 a week. It is quite clear from the figures that there must be large evasions of the income-tax. We are told, for instance, by those figures, that there are only 500,000 persons with more than £500 a year. That must be wrong: our eyes and ears tell us the contrary. Now, evasions of income-tax at the top end of the scale, by rich men, are almost impossible; they are too carefully watched. The conclusion therefore is that the evasions take place at the lower end, amongst highly-paid artisans and small shopkeepers. By having a universal income-tax, however small at the £2 level, evasion would become impracticable, and the taxation of the middle class might be sensibly reduced.

I have enumerated in these articles the number of benefits conferred by the State upon the manual workers, for which the middle classes have to pay. Is it not time that the State did something in the way of public assistance for the patient ass who bears the heaviest panniers? I suggest that something should be done in the way of providing cheap nursing homes and hospital accommodation for people of moderate means. Owing to the domestic servant difficulty, it is practically impossible to be seriously ill in one's own house. Infirmarys and hospitals are comfortable and well run. But there is always a shortage of private-room accommodation for illness. With some assistance from the State, this might be made available for the owners of small incomes.



A PAINTING BY THE MUSICIAN-PEER: "ROMAN BRIDGE AT NARNI"—BY LORD BERNERS.

Narni is the ancient Umbrian *Nequinum* and the Roman *Narnia*. The so-called Bridge of Augustus spanned the river immediately below the town in three tremendous arches and belonged to the Via Flaminia. The arch that still stands (next to the left bank) is sixty-two feet in height; of the other arches only the piers remain.

rate because they are living on "unearned incomes"; that is to say, upon the interest of investments as distinguished from incomes derived from salaries, fees, professions—in a word, from the sweat of your brow. The investments, however, must have been made from money earned by somebody, either saved by yourself or left to you by those who had saved or accumulated in their day. The name and the extra tax are unfair and absurd. The rentiers as a class may be described as those who are living on the interest of capital, whether in the form of land or houses, or stocks and shares. With the rich rentier, the man who is living on the interest of a million, or a hundred thousand pounds, I am not here concerned. Rich individuals, whether men or women, can always live comfortably in spite of the injustice of democratic taxation; and I may remark, in passing, that economically, not socially or humanly, one rich individual is worth more to the State than ten poorish ones. A man with a million is more valuable as an economic unit than a hundred men with ten thousand, because he can help commercial enterprises, and lend his money to the bank to be lent in turn to traders. Socialist economists, like Mr. Snowden, think that a multitude of four-hundred-a-yearers are better than one millionaire.

However that may be, and it is a vexed question, there is no doubt that of all the people oppressed by taxes and the cost of living the keenest sufferers are the army of small rentiers. They are chiefly women, widows and spinsters with incomes ranging from three to five hundred a year, and faced with the fact that a pound to-day buys about half what it did before the war. Statisticians and politicians say that prices have fallen: so they have in working-class neighbourhoods and for commodities consumed by the weekly wage earners. But the class of which I am speaking, retired officers and Civil servants, and their widows and daughters, who have lived their youth in the cultured and comfortable days of Queen Victoria, find no such reduction in prices. On the contrary, they discover that the modern servant is too expensive a luxury for them, and they are obliged to take refuge in the *pensions* and private hotels of Bayswater and Kensington,

cinemas, and the sights of London are mitigations of their life unknown to their Victorian predecessors.

The hire-purchase system, a modern discovery, has also contributed much to the happiness of people in the middle station of life. The small motor-car,



A PAINTING BY THE MUSICIAN-PEER: "CASTLE OF MONTGUFONI, NEAR FLORENCE" (THE HOME OF SIR GEORGE SITWELL)—BY LORD BERNERS.

Lord Berners, the ninth Baron and fifth Baronet, has been painting for a number of years, but the exhibition which is now in being at the Lefèvre Galleries is the first show of his works to be held. Indeed, to the public he is better known as a composer than as an artist. His "Neptune," to the book by Sacheverell Sitwell, was given by the Diaghileff Ballet; and his latest ballet, "Waterloo and the Crimes," was seen recently at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The castle of Montegufoni is Sir George Sitwell's residence in Italy.

Pictures reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, the Lefèvre Galleries, 12, King Street, St. James's.

PLAYTIME PIECES: EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHILDREN AND THEIR TOYS.

FROM THE PICTURES BY F. H. DROUAIS; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CURTIS AND HENSON, THE AUCTIONEERS, 5, MOUNT STREET, W.1.



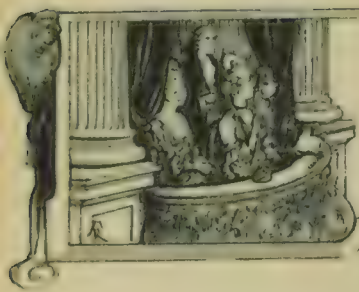
"CHILDREN WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS"—BY F. H. DROUAIS: A WORK INTRODUCING A TRIANGLE, A HURDY-GURDY, A TAMBOURINE, AND CASTANETS; WITH A CAT IN A BOX AND A MAGIC LANTERN.

FRANÇOIS Hubert Drouais was born in Paris on December 14, 1727, and died there on October 21, 1775. He studied under his father, Hubert Drouais, the miniaturist and pastel-list, and under Boucher and others. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1758, and joined the Council of that body in July 1774. He was First Painter to the King, and Painter to Monsieur and to Madame. To translate Bénézit: "A conscientious artist and craftsman, F. H. Drouais had a tremendous reputation in his day. His talent and the rank of his sitters made him one of the most notable portrayers of his period. His influence on his own generation was considerable, as it was on the generation that followed. His fame was well earned. His work is broad and vigorous, yet always full of charm; and his colouring, even if it occasionally lacks a certain brilliance, is by no means the least of his merits."

THE charming pictures here illustrated hang in the Crimson Drawing-room, of 3, Carlton Gardens, and will figure in the auction sale to be held in that residence on July 20 and the three following days. They are in oils and each measures 48 by 60 inches. The youngsters shown with musical instruments are the children of Charles Alexandre de Calonne, the French statesman who became Controleur des Finances in 1783; and this work comes from the Collection of the Doyen Bermond, at Aix en Provence. With regard to the magic lantern, whose appearance in an eighteenth-century painting may surprise some, it may be pointed out that the optical, or projecting, lantern—the Victorian "magic lantern"—is generally accepted as having been the invention of Athanasius Kircher, who dealt with it in his *Ars Magna Lucis et Umbrae*, the first edition of which was issued in 1646. It is probably of considerably earlier origin.



"THREE CHILDREN MAKING HOUSES WITH CARDS"—BY F. H. DROUAIS: A WORK INTRODUCING PLAYING CARDS, DICE AND A DICE-BOX, COUNTERS, A TEETOTUM, A CUP-AND-BALL, A DOLL, A BALL, KNUCKLE-BONES, AND A BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.



The World of the Theatre.



A FRENCH INVASION.—AN AMERICAN ASSAULT.

THE success of *La Compagnie des Quinze*, from the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, first at the Arts Theatre Club, and then, in public performance, at the Ambassadors (and now at the New), followed by the unsuccessful production of "Sea Fever," adapted by Miss Auriol Lee and Mr. John van Druten from Marcel Pagnol's "Marius," and by Sir Barry Jackson's version of Henri Gheon's "Demos, King and Slave," at the Arts, marks an invasion of our London theatre that serves to balance, and in a measure correct, the German influence which at present is so dominant. These elaborations of scene and *décor*, characteristic of German productions, must not be rashly dismissed or despised, for their understanding of pictorial values and their skilful use of technical equipment make a genuine contribution to the art of the theatre, with this proviso—that equilibrium is maintained between the literary values of the play and the artistic interest of the scene.

It would be a pedantic stupidity to deny all the advantages which scientific invention or the ingenuities of the designer can offer, and many happy effects have been secured through their co-operation. But concentration on the employment of the theatre's resources has brought a new peril, for now the picture threatens to become more important than the play, and pieces are selected not for their literary worth, but because they give scope for experiment. The producer rises to a new eminence, since he is no longer the collaborator of the author and the actor. The interest is more in the effects than in the text, and the scene, instead of supporting the drama, overwhelms it. If you take from the theatre its language, you steal its life. It may present settings full of pictorial charm, colour, and animation, arousing a pleasurable excitement, but a panorama without human significance is not drama. The values of drama are human, anthropocentric, and the stage is a place for men moved by human passions. Merely to do things on the stage which have no inner justification is futile, the posing and producing so-called "business" are proofs of poor artistry which debase drama to an empty show. It is by means of language—not the actions and the events themselves, nor their stage imitations—that the illusion, which is drama, is created. The only distinction between drama and other literature is that one presents life as going on before our eyes, while other literature deals with it either by way of narration of past events or by way of reflection upon them or of criticism of them. The medium of drama, then, is action; but of what kind? Incidents and accidents may be startling or surprising, interesting or exciting, but a play which goes no further merely presents the facts of life, though in a peculiar order. Whatever the event, be it momentous or trivial, it has its associations with both heaven and earth, and, in the hands of him who holds the secret, language is so impregnated that it provides the Jacob's ladder for man to climb. Those privileged to listen to the reading of "The Trojan Women" at the Fortune Theatre will understand where drama resides. In the ultimate elimination, the stage is Hamlet's "long, bare platform." It is not a gallery for the display, however attractively lighted, of three dimensional landscapes, or soap-box

architecture in wood and canvas, and whoever neglects the study, cultivation, refinement, and elaboration of his text, because he is too much occupied with accessories—in themselves also important—sins against the very first principles of histrionic art.

"Let us get back," said Jacques Copeau in effect, "to first principles," when in 1913 he founded the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier. To recover literature, to give the word its value and the author his rights, "harmonising all the elements of production, and disengaging the play by the simplicity of the scenery and the strict discipline of the playing"—this was his purpose. And how brilliantly it has been achieved! The visit of the *Compagnie des Quinze* is a memorable event. Such perfection in acting and such beauty in production is rare indeed, and, above all, they have introduced to us a dramatist in M. André Obey who is a true creative artist, for in both farce and tragedy he reveals a poet's soul. Consider how the setting is subdued to the play, how only the bare essentials of

the dark forces enfold themselves and the light of a terrible dawn breaks in on us. This is not mimetic or photographic, but expressive—every word, every gesture, every sound, every comment of *Le Récitant* and *La Récitante* on the Tarquin's dreadful business, is compact of significance, bearing the signature of an unanalysable essence. The Tarquin of M. Aman Maistre and the *Lucrèce* of Mlle. Dasté beat out of their agony a new and ever ancient revelation. This is not a sexual episode, but an altar flame that purifies. The cruel triumph in the tragic climax strikes poignantly at the chords of every heart.

It is the failure of "Judas," presented by the Cambridge Festival Theatre players at the Royalty, that first the play, which comes from the Italian, is too big for the dramatist, for he cannot give his language substance and inner compulsion; and secondly the production lacks the harmony and simplicity

which might heighten the tragic theme, dissipating itself in confused, disturbing, restless pictures, half-stylised, half-realistic, which, though well intentioned, fail to preserve the pure line of the play. But this, at least, is redeemed by its purpose, and there is hope in such sincere effort. What hope is there in the violence, ugliness, crudity, and coarseness of "Late Night Final," which churns up the foul waters of American yellow journalism on a multiple kinematic stage, with excitement whipped up by sensation and sex? Slick, swift, and full of kick, Mr. Raymond Massey, both as producer and actor, gets every ounce of thrill three hours' entertainment can provide. Technique wrote it, built it, interpreted it. Life is assaulted, yet there is neither exhilaration nor exaltation. That there are opportunities for fine acting in conventional melodramatic situations cannot be denied, but of other artistic rewards the play is barren. It holds neither truth nor beauty, and is neither epic nor lyric, romantic nor poetic, despatching the day's weary chores

with a racket of revolving stages and loud-voiced circulation orders. A panorama, a show, a coarse, vehement crime-play, full of drive and physical energy—call it what you will—but not drama. It may fill the theatre, but it cannot enrich the mind.

In these days of factual obsession it is surely time to argue for the illusion, to recover those harmonies which the profane will not hear. There may be fewer listeners than formerly, for we have thrown on the scrap-heap the mellow words of English, and adopted a hammer-fisted Morse-code vocabulary. But I will not believe that our ears, in spite of the din about us, are entirely deaf to finer tones. The growing appreciation of music is sufficient answer. I will not believe that things "lovely and of good report" have no audience. We must recover literature for the theatre, and shake ourselves free from the tyrannies of production. We must respect the public, and seek to awake the sleeping imagination. We must concentrate interest on the play, and the player, "harmonising all the elements of production." This need not be a pious injunction. The Vieux-Colombier have shown us the way. G. F. H.



"LATE NIGHT FINAL," THE SENSATIONAL PLAY OF AMERICAN "TABLOID" NEWSPAPER JOURNALISM, AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE: FIVE "STAGES" IN USE AT ONCE—MRS. TOWNSEND TELEPHONES THE "EVENING GAZETTE" IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO STOP THE PUBLICATION OF HER TRAGIC LIFE-STORY.

In the centre Mrs. Townsend (Miss Louise Hampton), whose tragic past has been raked up by the American sensation-loving and circulation-seeking "yellow" newspaper, the "Evening Gazette," is telephoning in an endeavour to stop the publication which must inevitably put an end to the happiness she has won and to the marriage of her daughter. At the top left is the telephone operator (Miss Molly Johnson). At the top right is Brannegan (Mr. Percy Parsons), the business manager. At the bottom left are: Hinchcliffe (Mr. Charles Mortimer), the proprietor, and Miss Edwards (Miss Pamela Henry May), his secretary. At the bottom right are Randall (Mr. Raymond Massey), the editor, and Miss Taylor (Miss Carol Goodner), his secretary.

furniture—and these magnificently—are used, with what care costume is chosen, for does it not focus attention on the actor? And how perfectly homogeneous is the company. In farce, it is fitting that decoration shall be fantastically employed, for it is child's play, where we romp in the nursery again. "Noé" is a marvellously comic history, turbulent, primitive, eager, and brimming with life. It is not pantomime, nor burlesque, though it shares their extravagance, for the Noah of M. Auguste Boverio has something of Don Quixote in him; while the Mrs. Noah of Mme. Suzanne Bing is a sister of Sancho. And the ranting fustian, designed for our laughter, has its fleeting moments to disclose the dreamer beneath the clown. But in "Le Viol de Lucrèce," where M. Obey and the *Compagnie des Quinze* take the tragic theme, the brilliance, the vigour, the expertness of timing the fantastic simplicities of the farce are transformed and sublimated into beauty and luminosity, passion, pity, and terror. This is not painting or panorama, but sculpture, where man is hewn out noble and ignoble, divine and dæmonic, in splendid isolation. This scenery is not built of canvas, but in the mind. We listen and watch as

BOSTON "STUMP"—NOW A MONUMENT TO ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.



HENCEFORWARD A MONUMENT TO ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE—WITH ITS FAMOUS TOWER, THE BOSTON "STUMP," TO THE RECONDITIONING OF WHICH CITIZENS OF BOSTON, U.S.A., ARE CONTRIBUTING VERY GENEROUSLY.

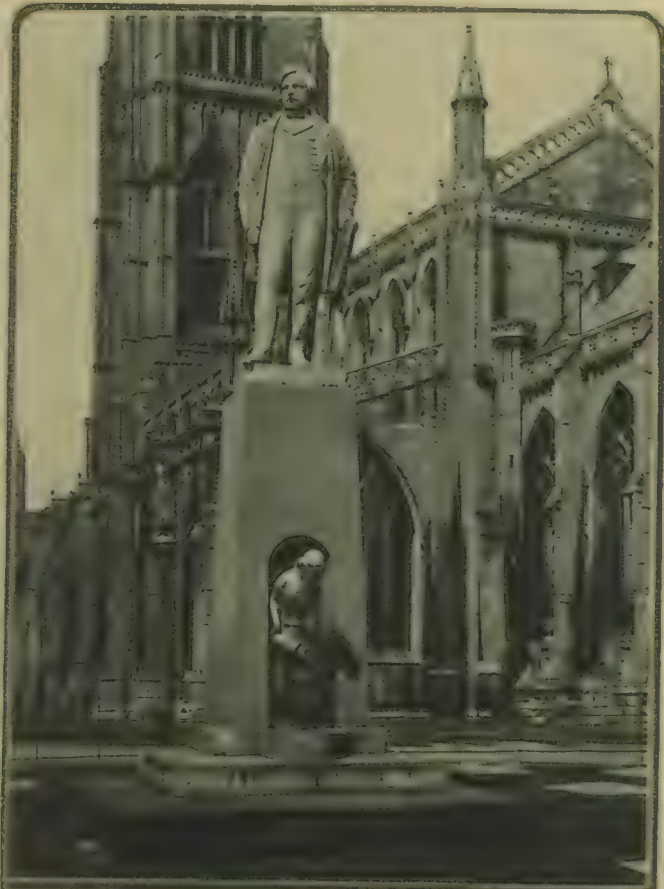


FIT SETTING FOR THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE AMERICAN GIFT IN AID OF THE FAMOUS "STUMP," WHOSE LANTERN FOR LONG ENCLOSED A LIGHT, AS A SEAMARK: THE CHANCEL OF ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH; SHOWING ITS EXQUISITE CARVINGS.



AN ENGLISH RIVAL OF THE FAMOUS BELFRY AT BRUGES: THE GRACEFUL BOSTON "STUMP."

THE activity of the citizens of the United States in the task of reconditioning the tower of St. Botolph's Church at Boston, in Lincolnshire (the famous Boston "Stump"), ranks (with such benevolent deeds as those of the Pilgrim Trust) among the very tangible proofs of Anglo-American friendship. 55,000 dollars (about £11,000) towards the cost of the restoration of the "Stump" were collected by the descendants of some of the Puritan fathers in Boston's daughter city—Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. W. R. Whiting, representative of the Restoration Committee of the City of Boston, U.S.A., arranged to present the gift, which he had brought with him, on July 10. It was further arranged that this should be offered in St. Botolph's at a thanksgiving service, when the Archbishop of Canterbury would preach a sermon. The restoration of the roof of St. Botolph's is finished, but there is still work on the tower to be done. St. Botolph's Church has already undergone one extensive restoration, and when this was completed, in 1853, "The Illustrated London News" of the time recorded an interesting detail—the presence of an overseas Bishop (surely a rare thing in those days), the Bishop of Quebec. What may be called a personal tie binds Boston and "The Illustrated London News," in the person of Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., founder of the paper, who was born there in 1811, and later sat in Parliament for the town.



BOSTON'S LINK WITH "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": THE MONUMENT TO MR. HERBERT INGRAM, M.P., FOUNDER OF THIS PAPER, BEFORE THE BOSTON "STUMP."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EUROPEAN LACQUER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ONE of the first things to be remembered about lacquer made in Europe is that it is not lacquer in the strict sense, but a competent and charming imitation. Whereas the Oriental material described on this page last week is made from the sap of a tree indigenous to China, the European process is based upon gum-lac, "the resin broken off the twigs of the tree on which it is deposited by an insect the *coccus lacca*—and dissolved in spirits of wine." Our earliest book on the subject is entitled, not "The Art of Lacquer" or some such title, but "Treatise of Japanning and Varnishing." This little book, published in 1688, gives detailed instructions as to materials and colours, the gist of which—very briefly—is as follows: When the black or coloured ground has been polished sufficiently, the design is drawn upon it in gold size or vermilion mixed with gum water. The raised parts are done with a paste of gum arabic water mixed with whiting, and this paste can, if required, be thickened with fine sawdust. Then comes polishing and gilding with the various metal colours.

Lacquer had already long been popular on the Continent by the time of Charles II., and the enterprising members of the Dutch East India Company (the company was founded in 1602) had introduced every kind of Oriental product into polite circles,

It was some time before our worthy ancestors disentangled geographical details from their vague notions of the Orient, and both Pepys and Evelyn refer to lacquer as coming from India—and so, in a way, it did, but only *en route* from its country of origin. In one most decorative department of Chinese industrial art the old inaccurate name sticks: we still speak of "Coromandel" screens, not because they were made on the Coromandel coast, but because they were sent thence to Europe on their way from China.

At one period the Dutch traders, it is said, took pieces of furniture all the way to China to have them lacquered; but this must have been enormously expensive and the risk considerable. It is suggested, but not proved, that they also brought to Holland a few skilled Chinese workers. If we can judge from what we know of seventeenth-century Dutch taste, the vogue for Chinese ornament was phenomenal—sufficient, for example, to make the manufacturers of Delft change the colours used in their pottery and substitute for them remarkably accurate imitations of the blue and white porcelain that was being unloaded from every homecoming ship. One is tempted to enlarge upon the romantic character of this early trade with the Far East, its repercussions upon European politics, and the fierce rivalries which sprang from it; but we are concerned at the moment not with semi-piratical traders, but with the goods they carried, and the imitations and adaptations of those goods made in European workshops.

Perhaps the word "workshop" is somewhat ill-advised, for the new technique became a fashionable hobby. The better sort of lacquered piece, such as the bureau illustrated, was, of course, made by a professional, but the process was considered also as an admirable subject for instruction in seminaries for young ladies. A book of 1760 is entitled "The Ladies Amusement or Whole Art of Japanning," and readers are warned that if the scene is European they should not place in it any "exotic or preposterous object": on the other hand, "with Indian or Chinese greater liberties may be taken—for in these is often seen a butterfly supporting an elephant or things equally absurd."

The first importations seem to have been mainly cabinets, which were placed upon the ornate carved stands so familiar to English eyes. A little later, all sorts of furniture are lacquered (*flat* lacquer, of course, not carved), and the fashion continued more or less till about 1730. The lacquering was generally done over a carcase of deal.

After the turn of the half-century, lacquer came back into popularity, but mostly for bed-rooms; no doubt this accounts for the fact that of the lacquered pieces that have survived, the great majority belong to the earlier period. Even so, apart from cabinets there is very little

indeed dating from the seventeenth century. Lacquered chairs and tables are both very rare, and an old-looking specimen must be looked upon with the gravest suspicion.

For some reason, the change of fashion about 1730 does not seem to have extended to clock-cases.



A RED LACQUER BUREAU OF ABOUT 1700: A FINE PIECE PRODUCED AT A PERIOD DURING WHICH THE DEMAND FOR LACQUER-WORK IN EUROPE WAS VERY GREAT, AND LACQUERING BECAME A GENTEEL HOBBY IN ENGLAND.

The height of this piece is 7 ft. 3 in.; the width, 3 ft. 4½ in.; the depth, 23 in.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons, 26, King Street, S.W.1.

The majority of pieces that have come down to us have a black ground: red is less uncommon, cream or pale yellow almost non-existent. Green is to be seen sometimes; blue less often. Not to be compared with Dutch or English-made pieces, but none the less agreeable enough and comforting to slender purses, are chests and suchlike things on which the incised pattern is obviously not designed for that particular purpose: these are made from Chinese "Coromandel" screens imported as such, and cut up on arrival. Many a fine screen has been spoilt in this manner, but even so has not been entirely lost to the world.

The later developments of lacquering are not particularly interesting, but something is to be said for the papier-mâché trays that were so popular from about 1790 onwards. There is not much left of the Chinese spirit in their design, but they are undoubtedly amusing as commentaries upon middle-class taste of the period. They were, of course, produced wholesale at Birmingham by what were then modern methods of mass production—and have found considerable favour among collectors in recent years. But not even the greatest enthusiast can claim for them anything like the quality which the English craftsman of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries managed to impart to his work.



A RED LACQUER BUREAU OF ABOUT 1700—SEEN CLOSED IN THE OTHER ILLUSTRATION—WITH WINGS OPENED: A FASHIONABLE STYLE OF FURNITURE UNTIL 1730, AFTER WHICH (UNTIL 1800) DECORATIONS IN LACQUER WERE LARGELY CONFINED TO CLOCK-CASES.

while the Portuguese were hardly less active. Part of Queen Catherine's dowry when she came to England consisted of "Indian" stuffs, porcelain and cabinets; and the new fashion, immediately popular at Court, soon spread to less exalted homes.

the half-century, lacquer came back into popularity, but mostly for bed-rooms; no doubt this accounts for the fact that of the lacquered pieces that have survived, the great majority belong to the earlier period. Even so, apart from cabinets there is very little

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SCOTLAND FOR HOLIDAYS.

IN spite of the convenient nearness to England, Scotland holds for the visitor all the fascination of a foreign country. North of the Tweed, one plunges at once into an unfamiliar atmosphere, which is the best relaxation a holiday can offer. Everywhere are relics of romantic Scottish history, and the Highland scenery has a barbaric grandeur entirely its own. Edinburgh is one of the finest cities in the world, and this year is the centre of interest, as the King and Queen visited Holyrood Palace this summer. The palace lies in the shadow of Arthur's Seat, and the Abbey, now in ruins, witnessed the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots and the Coronation of Charles I. Dunfermline is another Lowland city of great interest. Early in the national history it became the birthplace and burial-ground of royalty. For lovers of outdoor sport, Peebles presents many attractions. Trout-fishing in the surrounding streams is in most cases entirely free, and in the near

vicinity are such interesting spots as the Roman Camp at Lyne, Manor Valley, Neidpath Castle, and the Black Dwarf's Cottage. As for golf, it

ago, the isle was so difficult of access that few visitors ever ventured to undertake the journey. To-day, from London (King's Cross), one can arrive at Skye in seventeen hours. The route as far as Edinburgh is by the East Coast, and traverses some of the loveliest parts of England. The London and North Eastern Railway have added perfectly appointed sleeping saloons and dining-cars to make the journey even more pleasurable. Circular tour tickets can be obtained from this company, covering the Western Highlands and the Isle of Skye. There are tours of different lengths and routes, and full particulars are available in an illustrated booklet which can be had from any L.N.E.R. station or office. The tours include the chief places of interest in the district, visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow *en route*. The tickets, which are issued from London and the principal stations in England and Scotland, are available for three months and are valid for a break in the journey at any station—a considerable convenience.



A FAVOURITE HOLIDAY RESORT ON THE CLYDE: DUNOON, WITH BOATING, BATHING, FISHING, AND YACHTING, IN ADDITION TO GOLF AND TENNIS.
Photograph by J. Valentine, Dundee.



REPUTED TO BE THE OLDEST BRIDGE IN SCOTLAND: THE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE, WHICH SPANS THE RIVER DON OUTSIDE ABERDEEN. THE DATE IS APPROXIMATELY 1320.—[Photograph by J. Valentine, Dundee.]

is hardly necessary to mention that Scotland has a golf course every few miles, and they include some of the finest in the world.

The scenery of the Island of Skye, off the western coast, is unique. Nowhere are there more fantastic rocks, weird sea-lochs, and wild mountain passes. Until a few years



THE RUGGED SCENERY OF THE ISLE OF SKYE: "HARTA CORRIE," A FAMOUS RAVINE IN THE CUILLIN MOUNTAINS.
Photograph by J. Valentine, Dundee.

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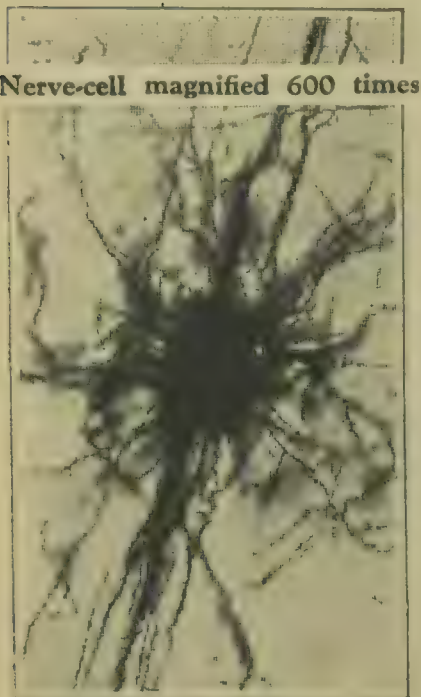
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HITTING THE TRAIL

"This is the life... Third day and stiffness all gone. Magnificent alp and gum-forest country this. Somehow you can sense its tremendous age. 'Earth's oldest continent' and all that. And the air... nothing so tonic ever came out of medicine bottle... Jim says he's coming to Australia every year now for a trail-riding holiday... Sat round camp fire last night while Harry, our guide, philosopher and packhorse man, spun yarns of old pioneering days. He says to-morrow we cross a river where bush-rangers made their headquarters seventy years ago. It's alive with trout... The billy's boiling and I can smell eggs and bacon. Lots of it I hope..."



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THE FIRST COMPLETE EXHIBITION OF BYZANTINE ART.

(Continued from Page 60.)

certainly one of the most remarkable surviving examples of Byzantine jewellery. Byzantine carved gems are among the greatest of rarities. In this exhibition there is a score of splendid examples. The Byzantine gem-cutter seems to have had a predilection for certain kinds of stone only. Aquamarine, sapphirine, and dark bloodstone or jasper seem to have been his favourites. One of the finest is a circular cameo of bloodstone of the Virgin praying (Fig. 8). She appears only as far as the waist, for Byzantine gem-cutters preferred busts to whole-length figures or to heads. The semi-precious stones seem to have been very popular with Byzantine lapidaries, and rock-crystal is frequently used for cups and bowls. One exquisite example of crystal-work shown in the exhibition is a portable altar of the usual Byzantine type, made of solid rock-crystal edged in silver-gilt. Another similar portable altar consists of a slab of amethyst-crystal, which is, of course, a variety of rock-crystal, also bound in silver-gilt, measuring some nine inches by ten.

Two very remarkable lions' heads carved out of rock-crystal (Fig. 9) must rank as among the most interesting of the exhibits. They were probably heads of staves and are hollowed. Each head is some five inches in height and in perfect preservation, and each is highly polished. The resemblance to Hittite work is remarkable; but this is not the only instance where ancient monuments of dead civilisations influenced Byzantine workers. Hittite monuments still stood for all to see in early Byzantine times. These heads were probably carved in Anatolia in the fifth century.

The close of Byzantine art is represented by an astonishing wealth of miniature mosaic- and panel-work of the highest quality. A painting on silk of the fourteenth century from the Cathedral of Trieste is remarkable for the painter's use of malachite green of various shades for the garments



OXFORD'S NEW OPEN-AIR "ZOO" AT GOSFORD: A LION IN HIS SPACIOUS CAGE.

Oxford's new open-air "Zoo," which is at Gosford, just outside the city boundary, was opened on Friday, July 3, by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, the Secretary to the Zoological Society of London. When finished, the new "Zoo" will, it is claimed, be as picturesque as that at Whipsnade, although, of course, it will not be so large. Gifts have already arrived from numerous private collectors and from the London, Berlin, Bristol, Paris, and Dublin Zoological Societies.

There is a bird sanctuary which is nearly a mile in circumference.

of the figure of St. Just. The dependence of this particular work on the conventions established in cloisonné enamelling is noteworthy. The facial features follow the plan elaborated in the majority of the enamels. It was arranged to close the Byzantine Exhibition in the second week of July: its duration has been short, but its advantage to Byzantinists have been incalculable.

"WHAT WOMAN WANTS." AT THE GARRICK.

"WHAT Woman Wants" is a farce, or, as the Victorians would put it, a domestic-comedy-drama. In its unpretentious way it is not unamusing. It never, of course, at any point touches real life, nor does it even approximate to stage life, as it has been lived behind the footlights since the war. Millicent is the daughter of a thousand grocers, who has been rescued from the sad sea waves by the son of a thousand earls. He loves her with all the ardour becoming the hero of the summer number of a servant girls' weekly. She does not worry whether he loves her for her money alone, but, such is her inferiority complex, wonders whether he can look up to her while looking down on her father's friends. So she arranges that he shall meet the worst of them at a dinner party. Alderman Ingot never introduced Mr. David Garrick to such a collection of freaks. They hiccupped their appreciation of the port, dropped their aitches, and generally carried on in an extremely unrefined manner. But love is blind to such solecisms as these, and all ended happily. Not a play for the hypercritical, but amusing enough in its rough-and-ready way. Miss Renée Kelly and Mr. Lawrence Anderson played the young lovers, and amusing performances were given by Mesdames Minnie Pine, Elsie Craig, and Winifred Dennis, and Messrs. Edward Irwin, S. Major Jones, and George de Warfaz.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—CXXIX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

BEFORE the introduction of motor-propelled craft, the only alternatives open to those who wished to spend their holidays afloat without going to the expense of steam and sailing yachts were the rowing boats containing camping outfits or house-boats which were practically immobile. Though the latter, of course, still exist, their numbers are rapidly decreasing and their places taken by new types of self-propelled craft which afford owners greater possibilities of enjoyment because, for a smaller outlay, they make it possible to enlarge the number of areas from which to choose for a holiday ground.

There are many—especially amongst those who are elderly—who prefer life afloat in vessels which provide the comforts of a house, but they become tired of having to spend every summer in the same locality—as is almost bound to be the case where the old-fashioned houseboat is concerned. Fortunately, this drawback to houseboats has now been overcome by the introduction of modern self-propelled types which open up more extended holiday fields. These craft, though they are not sea-going vessels in the proper sense of the term, are able to make passages round the coasts under their own power in fine weather, and even to cross to the Continent, where many canals and sheltered inland waters await them and which extend all over Europe.

A fine example of this sort of vessel has been delivered to her owner recently by Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., of Lowestoft. This firm, having their building yard so close to the Norfolk Broads, where so many houseboats exist, are, of course, exceptionally well placed for knowing exactly the requirements of those who favour this side of boating, and their latest production, called the *Doris*, proves that they have

taken advantage of their opportunity. She is a houseboat which looks like a boat instead of an old punt with a house superimposed. She is 65 ft. long, has a beam of 14 ft., and draws 2 ft., whilst her promenade deck, which measures 40 ft. by 11 ft., is unbroken over its entire length, so forms, when required, an ideal dancing-floor. Without any overcrowding, the accommodation provides a double-berth cabin for the owner and two single cabins and one double for guests, as

windows all round and a staircase leading to the promenade deck; its interior is panelled in polished teak and oak and contains an ingeniously arranged writing-table and five comfortable arm-chairs, in addition to a couple of large settees. Under the staircase leading to the deck is a large wine-locker. The owner's state-room, which is next to the saloon, measures about 8 ft. by 9 ft., and is panelled and enamelled white, with the furniture of polished mahogany. The bath-room, which comes next, is followed by the guests' cabins. All the bunks have Vi-spring mattresses and pale blue Witney blankets. All the sleeping accommodation is on the starboard side, with a long corridor with a staircase to the deck extending down the port side from the saloon to the galley, which is in the stern. The latter is a most complete affair, for, in addition to a five-burner oil-cooker and the usual sink, it contains a Kelvinator Refrigeraire plant and a water supply which permits both sea or river water being used or fresh water from the main tanks.

The crew's quarters lie between the galley and engine-room and are quite self-contained. Two 10-h.p. Brooke "Empire" engines form the power plant, and these give the boat a speed of about six knots. Electric light is provided throughout the ship, the supply being obtained from a one-kilowatt Brooke lighting-set, which also provides the Kelvinator with current. Taken altogether, the *Doris* should make a most comfortable floating home, my only criticism of her being that, for inland

cruising on the Continent, I feel that she should have some higher powered engines in order to stem more easily the currents of the fast-flowing rivers in those regions. The running costs of this vessel must be absurdly small, and if divided amongst the six persons whom she can accommodate, the contribution of each would be infinitesimal.



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"Doris" is 65 ft. long, has a beam of 14 ft., and draws 2 ft. Her promenade deck measures 40 ft. by 11 ft. and, being unbroken over its entire length, forms an admirable dancing-floor and is a most attractive feature. All her cabins have water laid on to their wash-basins, and, in addition, there is an exceptionally well-fitted bath-room with a boiler and hot water. The saloon is 12 ft. long, and the owner's state-room, which is next the saloon, measures about 8 ft. by 9 ft.

well as crew space for two men. All the cabins have water laid on to their wash-basins, and, in addition, there is an exceptionally well-fitted bath-room, complete with a boiler and hot and cold water.

The saloon, which is 12 ft. long, is situated forward and is semi-circular at its forward end with leaded

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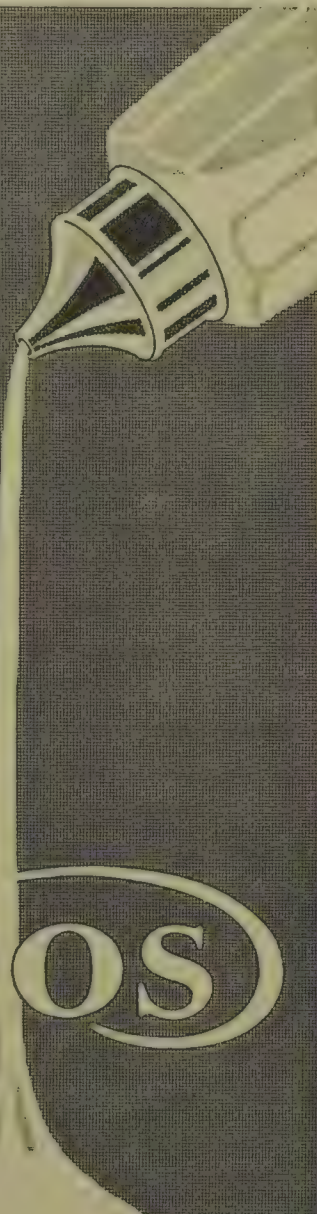
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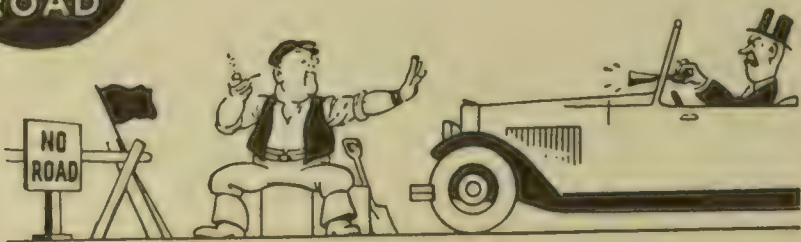


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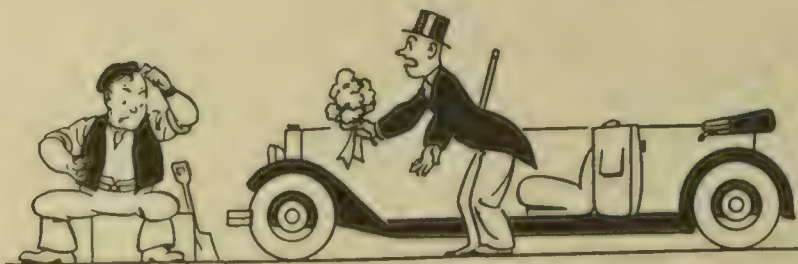
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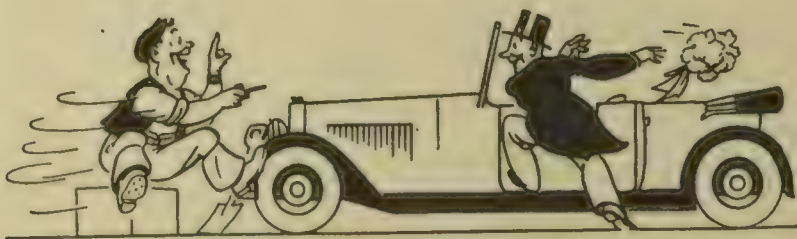
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

DR. G. L. KELLEY has recently arrived in England from the United States to take charge of the manufacturing, engineering, and experimental work at the Cowley, Oxon, factory of the Pressed Steel Co. He was for some time a lecturer of science at Harvard University. He informed a small gathering of motorists at a tea-party soon after his arrival in England that it is far commoner for scientists to leave academic work to take part in various American industries than is the case in England. The reason for this, he stated, was that industrialists in the U.S.A. have a much keener appreciation



ENJOYING THE VIEW ACROSS LAKE CONISTON: MOTORISTS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT WITH THEIR S. V. MORRIS MINOR SALOON.

of the value of research than have those of any other country. "In the realms of atomic physics you have men in England who are unmatched anywhere," he continued, "but too often the results of their investigations are exploited solely by foreign countries." Dr. Kelley also paid a tribute to the high level of intelligence and capacity reached by British workpeople.

Steel bodies for cars have many advantages, but the machines that press the sheets into the shaped article are made by American tool-makers. Consequently the experience of these huge machines, the experiments in the right metal alloys, and the men who conduct them, are mostly Americans, as their output of these steel-pressed bodies for vehicles is colossal as compared with the English demand. But, as English foundries produce the steel used by this company in England, no doubt Dr. Kelley will take back to America some day the result of his experiments here.

Steel Liners for Cylinders.

Steel liners are used in the cast-iron cylinders of the 20-h.p. Sunbeam saloon car, rated at 23.8-h.p. This is a very fast touring carriage, as in a run on it the other day I reached eighty miles an hour, with still a bit in hand, on the Maidenstone-London arterial road. This is one of the cars which one longs to own on account of their excellent acceleration, silent running, and utmost steadiness on the highways—be these good, bad, or indifferent—at all speeds. The steel liners have greatly improved this engine, coupled with its seven-bearing crankshaft. Also the "silent third" is so quiet when pulling hard that it is difficult to distinguish that ratio from top-gear at speed. One can separate these when



A PARTICULARLY SMART CAR: THE LATEST MODEL 20-25-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE SPECIAL COUPÉ.

The appearance, it will be noticed, is much enhanced by the unusual triangular quarter window. The car was supplied recently by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, of London, to Captain Oliver Bird, M.C.

over-running, as there is a slight hum on the third speed, but it requires intent listening to notice it. For its price of £775 for the 20-h.p. Sunbeam saloon, the purchaser buys a carriage fit for a king in its appointments and performance. It is wonderful how the Sunbeam Motor Car Company, of Wolverhampton, have managed to produce such a high-class car at so moderate a price. This "Twenty" is quite easy to handle, as the gear changes require no tricks or subtleties in manoeuvring, the brakes are splendid in pulling up the car without skidding at high speeds, and the controls are so light to manipulate that a girl can steer it all day without undue fatigue. Sunbeams have

(Continued overleaf.)

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(Continued.)

produced many fine models during their many years of making motor-carriages; yet I think this new 20-h.p. Sunbeam saloon is the best car for general use that they have so far built. Try it, and then you will know why.

Brooks's Dustproof Washable Cases.

Picnic baskets should always form part of the fittings of a well-equipped car to-day,

especially at this season of the year. Last year we bought two cases from Messrs. J. B. Brooks and Co., Ltd., of Great Charles Street, Birmingham, as I drove through that city *en route* for the North: one for two persons costing £4 15s., and the other for four persons; so that when with the "mem sahib" only, we did not have to use the larger case as when we had two guests. The luncheon-case for four, which costs six guineas, contains two earthenware sandwich-cases, four glass tumblers in pigskin cases, and two large wicker-guarded bottles. The smaller one has just half this equipment. But the reason we always buy Brooks's picnic cases is that they have washable "celastoid" lining, are dust-proof, weatherproof, and hygienic. Also, they are of ample size to hold what one wants for out-of-door meals. There is a comfortable handle to carry the case from the car. Being made of selected pine, covered with leather cloth and fitted with two locking clips, there is no danger of a spill, while the whole of the interior is lined with the white washable "celastoid." The construction of the interior presents an unbroken surface to the cleaning cloth. Also, as all the divisions inside the case are removable, it is easy to keep it clean. The division slides and all spring-steel clips

are non-rusting. Greaseproof paper is supplied with each case for wrapping up the sandwiches, etc., and for lining the earthenware containers, and one can buy more at 1s. per packet after the original supply is finished. A friend of mine has one of these Brooks cases for six persons, for which he paid £8 17s. 6d., and a tea-basket as well, which he finds is better than a combined luncheon- and tea-case. One very

Another Brooks gadget is the spare-wheel wrapper. Motorists are so free from punctures—in Great Britain, anyway—compared to a few years ago, that they are apt to forget that the spare tyre left uncovered month after month and unprotected from sun, dry heat, dust or mud, rain and dirt, will perish and let you down when you come to use it. Therefore, buy one of the spare-wheel wrappers made by Brooks,

costing under £1, and save that tyre and your temper. When ordering, specify make of tyre and size used and the make and date of car, so that the cover suits the type of tyre and style of fitting provided for the spare wheel. Brooks's motor trunks lead the fashion in these articles in all parts of the world. To-day there are few cars of the latest models which do not carry a trunk-case made by Brooks. These "Grosvenor" trunks and "Grosvenor" picnic cases are so convenient and keep things so clean that, once having used them, you cannot do without them on whatever car you buy.

Morris Owners, Please Note.

There is to be a rally for owners of Morris cars on July 18 at Lilleshall Hall, near Wellington, Shropshire. A gymkhana has been arranged, with other interesting events. The Morris film will be on view, and a demonstration of decarbonisation on a Morris-Cowley engine will be given. One shilling will be charged to

enter the Lilleshall Hall grounds, but otherwise no charge will be made. Lilleshall Hall is situated about 35 miles from Birmingham. It is a picturesque spot, so that Morris owners who feel like combining amusement and instruction on their cars should be able to have an enjoyable day at this rally.



ON MONTE CARLO BEACH: AT THE WORLD-FAMOUS RESORT WHOSE NEW SUMMER CASINO OPENS ON JULY 15.

It need hardly be said that Monte Carlo offers an almost bewildering variety of attractions to holiday-makers.

useful feature about these fittings is that one can buy extra "pony" size tumblers, complete with detachable safety pigskin covers, which will fit snugly into the inside of the tumblers provided in the cases. These give you extra clean glasses, and yet do not add to the size of the case.

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And as you look through the very wide range of patterns put out for your inspection, you will realise how splendidly the Louis XIV room achieves its purpose. The very perfection of the surroundings puts you in a discriminating frame of mind, inspires you to an unerring choice . . . tells you of the care and skill that will go to the making of your shirts and pyjamas once you have selected your patterns.

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D'ANNUNZIO AND DEBUSSY AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE famous Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, is to-day better known in this country as an airman than as a dramatist, and his mystery play, "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien," had not been performed in this country until Mme. Ida Rubinstein opened her season of dramas and ballets at Covent Garden this week with d'Annunzio's work. Beginning at 8.30, it did not finish before 11.45, although it was considerably cut. It was rather a pity that it did not begin at 8 o'clock, because this play, like most of d'Annunzio's work, has a cumulative effect, and to hear part of it only, as a portion of the audience did, is liable to give one a wrong impression. This is all the more the case with "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien," since an integral feature of the play is Debussy's music, which is of considerable importance, and the last scene contains some fine choral writing.

To English taste, d'Annunzio's work seems extraordinarily artificial, and "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" has all the florid externality which distinguishes Italian churches from English churches. Nevertheless, an experienced taste will find beauties in the baroque style when it is carried through with supreme virtuosity, and since, in recent years, there has been a vogue in England for baroque architecture, painting, and sculpture, it is possible that "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" will find many admirers also, for there can be no more baroque literary style than d'Annunzio's. This element of the Latin genius must have struck a sympathetic side in Debussy, for his music is admirably in keeping with the play, and adds enormously to its interest. Composed by Debussy in 1911, it is the last large-scale composition (excepting the later ballet, "Jeux") which he

(Continued in Column 3.)

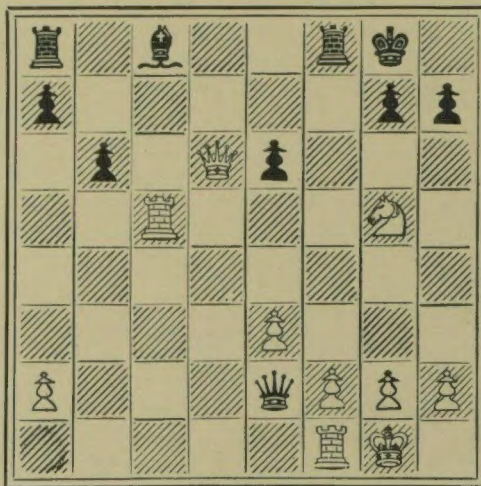
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No. LXIII.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: r1barkr; p5pp; 1p1Qp3; 2R3Sr; 8: 4P3; P3qPPP; 5RK1.]

White to play and mate in nine moves.

This was an actual declaration in a match game. One of Black's moves is a time-waster, but the remaining eight moves form a very pretty adaptation of an old idea. Black's last move was PQRt3, attacking the WR and making a hole for the Bishop.

undertook. It is full of vigour and colour, and adds a certain mystery and subtlety to the rather banal floridity of d'Annunzio's drama.

Another important factor is the setting and costumes designed by Léon Bakst. These are extremely good; so good, in fact, in their own Russian-Italianate style that one must consider this production of Mme. Rubinstein's to be the best from a visual point of view, and as a spectacle, that has been seen at Covent Garden this season. A notable feature was the lighting, which was often superlatively good. The effect in the last scene but one, where the archers shoot their arrows at Sebastien bound to a tree in the Grove of Apollo, was extraordinarily fine. As a whole, the production, by M. Armand Bour, was extremely good. All the members of a very large cast were admirable. Mme. Rubinstein herself, as St. Sebastien, gave a performance of a virtuosity and beauty perfectly fitting the character of the play. Indeed, the production of "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" is a remarkable achievement, and it makes one look forward with considerable interest to the other new works which Mme. Rubinstein has promised us.

W. J. TURNER.

A competition in which there are to be £350 in prizes is being promoted by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap for "happy-go-lucky" snapshots. All you have to do is to send the photograph, with your name and address clearly written on the back, together with three outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, to Snapshot Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. The photograph submitted must not have been previously published, and cannot be returned under any circumstances. All entries must be received by Aug. 31.

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines, and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot

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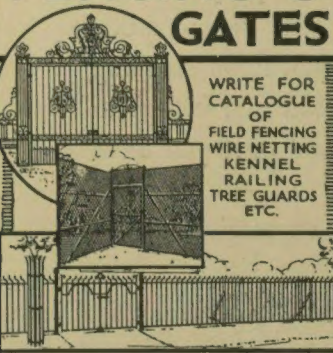
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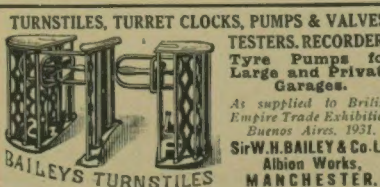
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